

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The Reform party in Canada has for many years permitted itself to be put on the defensive. Whoever is their present adviser it is evident that he understands campaigning better than many of the false prophets of the past. Mr. Laurier has gone out to address the electors and is forcing the government into the unfortunate position so long occupied by the Opposition. It seems to me that Sir John Thompson is not well advised to permit himself to be organized by his enemies into the tail end of a procession. He has just returned from Europe after having shared in a magnificent victory in diplomacy—the Behring sea arbitration. It does not appear to me that there is much in what we are said to have gained but like the old man in the ballad we can at least call it "a famous victory." It is not necessary for Sir John Thompson to stump the constituencies, in fact I am doubtful if it is wise. Like Edward Blake, our Premier is lacking in magnetism, and nobody could be quite sure that he would not be more loved "sight and unseen" than as a political iceberg at a banquet. However this may be, one thing is certain, he should not permit Mr. Laurier to plan his campaign. If he would just sit still at Ottawa for a few months he would have the satisfaction of knowing that the leader of the Opposition had burnt all his powder, and when occasion offered he could go forth and attack the Opposition chieftain and do him up. If, on the other hand, Mr. Laurier is to force the Government into a defensive posture Sir John and his colleagues will have their hands full. There is an old saying that a fool in five minutes can make a statement which it would take the wisest man an hour to disprove. When the published list of meetings advertised by Sir John is over it will be well to take a rest. Touring the country at this season of the year and under the circumstances is a mistake. It was a mistake which the whole policy of the government is exemplifying as to what they consider to be proper tactics. In fact I am afraid they are weak-kneed. At a time like this they cannot afford to let their joints rattle before the Opposition. Dignity and reserve is the only thing that can protect them from criticism. No man can work these things better than Sir John Thompson. With dignity as an under-shirt and official reserve as an outer garment almost any man can seem exceedingly clever and statesmanlike.

Traveling over the Canadian Pacific between here and Winnipeg I was impressed with the enormous amount of water-power adjacent to this great line. It seems to me that it will not be many years before the hundreds and thousands of horse-power produced by the rivers and waterfalls will be utilized. From Montreal to Winnipeg there is enough energy generated by the water contiguous to the line to run a train every twenty minutes. Those who believe that railway stocks will never come back to the old prices would do well to sit down and study out the possibilities of electricity as a motor on the great trunk lines. At Rat Portage and the Lake of the Woods it is said there is four hundred thousand horse-power, most of it going to waste. At Wabigoon there is a cataract which projects water enough over a precipice to move all the rolling stock possessed by the C.P.R. on that section. At the Kakabeka Falls, five miles from Muriello, is a miniature Niagara. It would be another great advertisement for the C. P. R. to be the first to utilize such power. The time is not far distant when the water power adjacent to a city or within marketable distance from a railway will be more valuable than a silver mine, and will be as eagerly sought after. Edison is now working on a scheme for transmitting without loss all the energy contained in coal directly into electricity. When he accomplishes this—and he says that his discovery will be complete in a few months—the present steam-engine will be useless. At the same time it will inaugurate an electric service which will quadruple the value of water power. When electricity is the general motor power of railway trains companies will then be able to utilize the water power adjacent to the railway. People who want to make money should try to buy these powers, but the province of Ontario should decline to sell. A revenue as great as derived from our timber limits should be some day obtained from these water-powers.

Another thing that struck me in passing through the miles of unpeopled acres—all that country between North Bay and Winnipeg is brightened by lakes and rivers, small and great. It should be the policy of the Dominion and Ontario Governments to stock them with fish. Half a million dollars a year would not be too much to spend in making these waters teem with trout, bass, pickerel and the gamey fish that sportsmen love. There is no better food than fish; the catching and eating of them would give employment to thousands. When the North-West is peopled, it soon will be, a market consisting of millions of people will be ready to buy. In the lake of the Woods the sturgeon industry is already a very important one. It is a fact that the Russian caviare is mostly made from the roe of the Canadian sturgeon. If our Governments could think more about providing people with something to do and enriching the country by the production of food and the bringing of population to our farms and lakesides we would be more to thank them for. At present their principal ambition seems to be in floating and pandering to prejudices. In the

meantime glorious opportunities of making our country famous as a fish, grain and cattle producing paradise are being lost.

A great many people read the reports of the Labor Congress and doings of similar concerns with a grin of amusement. The majority of people are such creatures of habit that they cannot witness politically or religiously unauthorized associations discussing public events without contempt. We do not take the trouble to remember that tens of thousands of wage earners have elected delegates in order that their opinions may be expressed. The notion is strong within us that aldermen and members of Parliament do all the thinking and should make the laws. If other people do any thinking, offer opinions or make suggestions, we curl up our collective nose and wonder that anybody can be so silly as to try to influence legislation without having been elected under the statutes of the Province or the laws of the Dominion.

In Chicago a great many associations of all sorts have held meetings, congresses they call them. People from all over the world have gathered and discussed the points which interest them most. And it may just as well be understood that the points of contact, between a peculiar class and the world at large, when discussed by those to whom the friction means

certain way of thinking and of a certain way of acting, say extraordinarily foolish things when they have meetings, but that makes no difference. As long as the reader or the listener knows that they are talking what they think, there is a chance to arrive at a sane opinion. In politics we don't know where a man is. When he is speaking most smoothly and mousing his prettiest periods we look at one another and wonder what started him off on that line and who he is trying to catch. For sincerity we must search the much despised congresses of labor.

I see some of the newspapers are proposing to black-list aldermen who voted to submit the Sunday street-car question to the people. It is all right to black-list aldermen, particularly when they are such aldermen as we have this year, but what is to prevent the aldermen from black listing the newspapers? Bad as the aldermen are, some of the newspapers are worse. Not long ago exposures took place which convinced the public that certain newspapermen were no better than black-mailers, yet they are the ones who put on the most virtuous air. Toronto should sit down on this newspaper management of the council. All the black-legs are not aldermen; some of them are possibly editors. The black-leg editor has done more harm to this city than the black-leg alderman. Newspapers hire a smart-

stairs of some of the newspaper offices, for the fact is being recognized that a corrupt press is even more dangerous than a corrupt council.

Reverting to the idea of black listing aldermen for having had the Sunday street car by-law submitted in the summer, we get an inkling here of the whole system of city government. An appeal is to be made to the narrow and contemptible prejudices of the ignorant fanatic to vote against aldermen because they were willing to let people decide this question for themselves. A man might be right on everything else and wrong on the Sunday street car question. That is to make no difference; smash him in the head; destroy the blasphemous blackguard who is willing to let people think for themselves. Call him an infidel and blasphemer, mob him, kill him and elect somebody in his stead who is loud in prayer and always present at class-meeting. As long as this sort of thing goes on the city council will be more or less a congregation of ignoramuses and sneaks. All their manliness will be crushed out of them before they get through. Hypocrisy, crawling and dirt-eating will be the habit of those who serve such official masters as the penny-dreadful press. Of course, go on and blacklist them and blackguard them, destroy them, and at the same time destroy the manliness of the city. A man to reach public office

seven or eight millions and they are still willing to undertake it, but when it gets up to nearly ten times that amount my faith gets feeble.

In the coming years the course of rivers and the down-pouring of waters will be controlled by engineers and the power will be brought to the gates of great cities, yet Mr. Macdonald's scheme is larger than this and I am afraid of it. It may be all right; he is a man of big schemes; yet it must not be forgotten that they have not fructified. While I may doubt his schemes I do hold in most complete contempt some of the criticisms of the newspapers which intimate that he is asking for power to dig up our streets to lay water mains. I had the pleasure not many months ago of propounding the waterworks feature of the present project, and it simply implied the payment by the City Council of the amount which it now costs to keep the reservoirs full, without asking any privilege to manipulate the mains and taps of the city which would be under the control of the aldermen as at present. Nobody is asking anything more than the payment of a sum equal to what it now costs to keep the reservoirs full. The service required to bring that water to the homes of the people would always and should always be under the control of the City Council. If Mr. Macdonald has a well matured scheme for bringing water and water-power to Toronto I shall be very glad to support it. I confess his record does not make me believe in the man and makes me somewhat sceptical with regard to his scheme, but if his scheme is good and he has the capital behind him, for heaven's sake let us not be too critical of persons. What we want is a chance to be a great city. Macdonald is a man of considerable brain power. That he has made failures and mistakes and has distinguished himself as being a very disagreeable egotist is immaterial. If he has got something that is for the good of the city let us have it and support him. Some of those who are barking at his heels were never guilty of anything but an account at so much per line for writing up an idea supposed to be of public advantage. E. A. Macdonald has paid hundreds of dollars to the newspapers that are noisier in trying to discredit his project and they have written editorials and fawned and slobbered over some suburban racket at his dictation. Now that his money is gone they think it smart to say that he is a schemer and a fool.

I see that somebody has written a book on Canada's literature. A little select set are much concerned as to Canada's literature. A small circle of civil service employees who write poetry and that sort of thing are gnawed to death lest Canada's literature should not be recognized. This country, like every new country, must pass through a period when the newspapers are its principle literary mediums. The man that sings to the moon may not be heard by either the moon or his neighbors yet it is unlikely to paralyze the country. I think the most important feature to consider is whether those who publish newspapers in Canada and give voice and expression to the opinions of the people are cultivating a literary spirit. How many papers in Canada pay for literary contributions? I think I am safe in saying that SATURDAY NIGHT is about the only paper that can be relied upon to settle with its contributors. Yet it is not reckoned by these gentlemen as a literary force. They get an article in an American magazine about twice a year and they believe that they are the men who are making this country conspicuous. Of their readers not one in a thousand know where they live and not more than one in two thousand cares. SATURDAY NIGHT goes on year after year with its great big class of contributors, paying out weekly more than these men earn collectively per annum. It presents the prettier phases of thought and story; its poetical contributions are interesting and as a rule artistic; it employs artists and encourages the young to take hold and try and accomplish something. It has lasted through the years when all its competitors have failed and appeals to those who are devoid of prejudice and broad of thought. It is anxious to succeed where success is worth having; its readers are thousands where the readers of the so-called mediums of the literary clique are hundreds. Year after year it holds its friends, and the writer who has a place in its columns becomes acquainted with his readers and his readers become acquainted with him, and he is loved for what he says and is esteemed for what he thinks. I know the facts to be so well established that I am not afraid to state them, and it annoys me sometimes to see these literary busybodies displaying their anxiety for fear they are not being read and appreciated. We have to buy stories from American and English writers because we cannot buy them at home. These smart people are not writing anything for the people; they are not offering us anything that we can buy. We are willing to pay and to pay well for what is good, and yet they are screaming because they cannot get a local purchaser. When they write that which is fit to be read; when they offer that which the people want; when they quit singing to the moon and sing to the ears of those who live and read, they can easily find a purchaser for their stories and songs. Until then they will gather in miserable conclave and regret their inability to make a living, mourn over the greatness they have not achieved, spill their tears over the tomb of Homer and weep their weep over Shakespeare, Keats and Shelley. This is a wooden country, but the hearts of its



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everything, are likely to be presented in the most intelligible way. I have much more respect for a discussion undertaken by interested parties in labor, social and religious congresses, than for what are generally the time-serving and make-shift opinions expressed by men elected from amongst the people. It is true that in labor, social and religious congresses we hear exaggerated expressions, but, as we are well aware, they are made from a special point of view and we can trim them down to everyday fashion. When these same subjects are handled by men elected after a hard struggle by a mixed community they are whittled and trimmed down to nothingness. Every tendency of the world is in favor of people putting their opinions on file somewhere as trademans, as workmen, as religiousists, as socialists, as communists, etc., and those who desire to understand the movement of the world must read these reports and find out what the people are thinking about. Members of parliament think with the majority, governments try to tickle the fancy of everybody, men who are dependent upon the shifting winds of public opinion talk at tea-meetings and raise their voices at every gathering of mixed humanity that is recognized on the voters' lists. So obviously insincere are these elective and truckling representatives that we turn with relief to these congresses, too often held in contempt by many, for there is where we hear people expressing sincere opinions. There they talk for their class and for their craft, and we get a better idea of what home thought is, what individual impulse is, than can be found in parliamentary reports.

There is no doubt in the world that men of a

Aleck of a boy to go down and write municipal politics at the city hall, the editor sits astride of his copy and calls in the aldermanic victim and makes him prance in the editorial room. It is all wrong. It seems to me if I were an alderman I would organize a raid on some of these offices and expose the doings of the fellows who are sent down there to control public opinion. There is not the slightest doubt in the world that many of the aldermen are, as Artemus Ward would say, "Men of small calibre but immense bore." Yet is the reporter much better? Is the editor perfect? What is this many-tongued thing that terrifies the chosen of the people? If he is no good let the aldermen say so. It is time for them to turn their guns on the journalistic usurpers who insist on occupying the civic throne.

We will never have a decent lot of aldermen until we have a dignified and respectable press. Some of the noisiest critics have records that would shame an alderman out of the council chamber. Let us be fair in these things. The aldermen are none too good and some of the papers could not very well be worse. A hundred dollar bill may capture a very pretentious alderman but half of it will get an editorial in the average newspaper. Toronto is too good for anything but it is producing a strange race of official and editorial persons who bark at the heels of progress and misrepresent able men who have no chance of defense or who, seeing others besmirched, decline to enter public life. When the city is cleaned up it won't be aldermen alone who will have to be clubbed into oblivion. The tread of an enraged populace will resound on the

now-a-days must go on his hands and knees, and his nose and his knees must be black with the dirt of the street or else he is considered too proud or too cranky to represent a ward or a constituency. After we make a man an abjectly ridiculous and time-serving ass then we ask him to behave like a man and he disappoints us. Really, have we any right to be disappointed? He is what we have made him. We have wallowed the floor with him and broken his back and his spirit. We have got him all over mud and dirt and slime. We have made him wallow in the slough of our prejudices and accept our make-believe goodness as better than sturdy independence, and then we are surprised that he is not a gentleman and a proper legislator. Who is to blame?

It is pleasant to see that a three months' term in jail has not destroyed the vitality of E. A. Macdonald. A man who is imprisoned for debt comes out without being particularly smirched, for there is hardly any man in the city who could not be trotted right in through the jail door these days if he had what he owes demanded of him. So if it is a crime to be in debt we are all more or less criminals. His canal scheme, however, seems to me a little raw and with due deference to his statements I am afraid that his capitalists are not sufficiently well defined. When a man talks of fifty or sixty million dollars he knocks most of us cold. All the men that the majority of us know don't own that much and yet we have endeavored to cultivate the gentlemen of means as much as possible. I am acquainted with men who could build a water and power scheme costing



people are soft and gentle. Anything that the emotions appeals to stir the affections, that teaches us how to live and love and die, will always be acceptable and there are those who will pay for it. It is the "O thou Luna" gang who have got the collar-galls and the hard feelings, and they ought to get up a joint-suit against the man in the moon for not paying for their muck. If they are writing to the man in the moon they want to look to him for settlement and not blame their neighbors.

Don.

### Social and Personal.

The International Cricket Match was a noted society event, as well as an interesting occasion to all lovers of the noble game. A smart party of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the grand stand and under the marquee and lined the fenced lawn in front of the club house. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick attended the match both Monday and Tuesday. Among others present were: Mrs. and Miss Arthur and party, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. John Cawthra and party, Mr. Wilkie and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Jim Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey, the Misses Homer Dickson, the Misses Bialton, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham and party, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Capt. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. Martland, Rev. Mr. Roper, the Misses Lee, and many others. The weather was perfect and the beautiful ground was a picture. A large number of cricketers from all over the country were present. Messrs. W. B. Wells, Dr. Bray, I. L. Nicholls, and C. Atkinson from Chatham, J. W. Cuddey, Mr. McTaggart from Clinton, Judge Dartnell from Whitby, among the number. On Tuesday noon the Canadians were hopeful of a victory over their doughty antagonists, but the visiting team secured the game about noon on Wednesday. Captain Terry played up a fine triple number score for the Canadians, and Laing was very successful with the ball. When, just at the time limit on Tuesday, he bowled out Patterson, the giant batter of the visiting team, the shout that went up from hundreds of jubilant spectators was loud and triumphant. A more interesting and satisfactory match has never been played at Rosedale. The lady spectators looked well, were unusually enthusiastic, and thoroughly enjoyed the game.

The final social event of the Island Amateur Athletic Association took place on Wednesday evening and was a most delightful event. Fun reigned supreme and everyone voted the affair the best of the season. A short programme included a song by Mrs. Patterson, recitations by Mr. Will, Douglas and Mr. Blakie, song by Mr. R. K. Barker. A very good orchestra furnished music for dancing. The presentation of prizes created much interest and enthusiasm. Mr. Goldman secured the lion's share of these pretty things. A large number of strangers were present. Among the guests I remarked Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, Miss Nettie Ralph, Miss Dow of New York, Mrs. and Miss L. Preston, Miss Grant, Mrs. Dorsett Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Lugdini, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Miss Rogers, Miss Errett, Miss Palen, Mrs. and Miss Cowan, Mrs. and the Misses Mason, the Misses Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Garratt, Miss Garratt, Miss Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Muntz, Miss Florrie Patterson, the Misses Howland, McDougall, Francis, Violet McLean, Paris, Corbett, Stanton, M. Thompson, Stevenson, McLean, McMurray, Hope, Aylesworth, Ross, Barnes, Batters, Toye, Brush of New York, Christie, Vivian, Gilmour, Sprout, and Messrs. Moffatt, Armstrong, Norrie, Patterson, Kirkpatrick, Smith, Temple, Bartlett, Holland, Dr. Bouthese, Bob Martin, Halliwell, Holdcroft, Ralph, Cunningham, Sprout, McDougall, Jones, Adams, Nelson and a large number of other society people. The prize winners were as follows: Swimming, boys over thirteen, 1st, B. B. Francis, 2nd, R. G. Smellie; under thirteen, 1st, D. D. Preston, 2nd, F. C. Clarkson; single canoe, 1st, C. C. Smith, 2nd, C. E. A. Goldman; boys' tandem, 1st, C. E. A. Goldman and E. B. Price, 2nd, H. G. Wade and W. N. Wade; ladies' tandem, 1st, Misses Helen Gzowski and A. Dawson, 2nd, Misses Vivian and Preston; boys', four in canoe, 1st, W. Darling, G. Clarkson, N. C. Ralph and W. N. Wade; 2nd, F. Bartlett, C. Sweetman, F. Morrison and F. C. Clarkson; club tandem, 1st, C. E. A. Goldman and E. B. Price, 2nd, A. L. Eastmore and L. Pemberton; gunwale race, 1st, C. E. A. Goldman, 2nd, C. S. Gzowski; crab race, 1st, E. B. Price, 2nd, B. Ralph; tilting, 1st, F. D. Paterson and J. M. Wilson, 2nd, E. W. Jarvis and C. C. Smith; open four, 1st, E. W. Jarvis, C. C. Smith, A. Creelman and A. L. Eastmore, 2nd, D. H. Macdougall, Percy Robertson, J. M. Wilson and H. E. Wade; lady and gentlemen tandem, 1st, C. C. Smith and Miss Dawson, 2nd, D. H. Macdougall and Miss B. Macdougall; mens swim, 1st, C. E. A. Goldman, 2nd, H. J. Halliwell.

Mr. Walter Greaves, formerly of Toronto but now of the P. O. Department Ottawa, and Mrs. Greaves have been summering at the Sea View, Old Orchard, where Mrs. Greaves has been remarkable for the beauty of her gowns, and also for the charm of her manner and conversation. Mr. Greaves recently took part in a very stylish matinee concert, given by Miss Lillian Carlsmith at her villa, and won much applause from a critical audience for his masterly performance upon the flute.

Mrs. J. Ross Robertson has returned from a short visit to New York.

Mrs. Robert B. Elgie will be at home to her friends on Monday and Tuesday, September 18 and 19 at the Elliott House.

Mr. C. A. Gidson has just returned from a combined business and pleasure trip to the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Langton Baker are settled in their new home at 35 Macpherson avenue. Mrs. Baker receives on the first and third Wednesdays.

Miss Hattie Smith of Anderson street, and Miss Amy Burton, daughter of the Rev. Theodore Burton, of London, England, who have been visiting with different friends in this

city, left on Saturday last, 9th instant, for the World's Fair. They will probably take a trip to the Pacific coast before returning to Toronto.

Mrs. Wm. Fulton of San Francisco, is a guest of Mrs. J. Staunton King of St. George street.

Mr. Charles Catto and Mrs. John Catto have returned from a visit to the World's Fair.

Dr. and Mrs. Macfarlane and Miss Mulock returned from Chicago last week.

Miss Barnett of Pembroke street has returned from summering at Port Carling.

Dr. Atherton of Church street has returned from a trip to the World's Fair.

A conference was held in Holy Trinity school-house last Tuesday, of churchwomen. Several most interesting papers were read and discussed.

Mr. Hyslop, the popular bicyclist of the Toronto Club, captured first place in every open event he started in at the Winnipeg tournament last Saturday.

Mrs. Crompton of Brantford spent part of the week with her sister, Mrs. Scott of Wellesley street.

Miss Harriet Mockridge of New York has been spending part of the summer with relatives in the city.

Master Eddie Reburn is engaged to sing at the annual praise service in Lafayette street Presbyterian church, Buffalo, N.Y., on Sunday, Sept. 17.

Miss Nicol of Cookstown is visiting in the city.

Miss Fanny Shaw of Jameson avenue is visiting relatives in Montreal.

Miss T. Knowlton of Lindsay has been spending a few days with friends in town.

Miss L. Patterson has returned to the city from her summer trip.

Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane, Master Harry and the Misses Macfarlane of Jarvis street, Mrs. J. Staunton King of St. George street, and Miss King of Jarvis street have returned to the city after a delightful summer at their Thousand Island cottage, Claverleigh, Round Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee and family have returned to the city from their summer residence at Kew Beach.

Two bishops will preach at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Manning avenue, on Sunday next, Right Rev. Dr. Courtney, bishop of Nova Scotia, in the morning, and Right Rev. Dr. Perrin, bishop of Columbia, B.C., in the evening.

Miss Ada Taylor of Taylor's Hill, Belleville, and Miss Jennie Webb of Maplehurst, Brighton, are guests of Mrs. T. Fred Webb of Inglewood, Avenue road hill.

Mrs. C. Creighton Ross will receive her friends at 655 Spadina avenue on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Mr. Lincoln Hunter, who has been living in Boston and New York for the past five or six months, returned from Old Orchard Beach on Saturday, and will permanently reside in Toronto. Mr. Hunter is welcomed by many friends.

Mr. Peter Ryan and his daughter, Miss B. Ryan, left this week for Chicago.

Mrs. Bendall with her family is in Chicago visiting her brother, Mr. Edward Worthington.

The Wanderers Bicycle club intend holding their second annual fall race meet at the Rosedale ground on Saturday afternoon 23rd inst. The races are under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and no doubt will be very interesting, as a number of the American cracks have entered including Zimmerman, Hoyland Smith, Warren, Crooks, Rhodes, and last year's Canadian champion Marshall, Wells. Among the Canadian flyers who have signified their intention of competing are champion Hyslop, Harbottle, Carman, Smith, Young, Robertson, McCarthy, Jolton, Deeks and McQuillan. If the weather is favorable some of the present records will undoubtedly be broken.

Mr. Claude Norrie has been spending his vacation at Ottawa with his brother, Rev. F. B. Norrie.

The Misses May and Annie Park of Deer Park have just returned from St. Anne de Bellevue, where they have been spending some weeks with their aunt, Mrs. Doig, at her summer home, Pine Bluff.

Miss Maude Snarr of Huron street returned home last week after a five weeks' visit to Oshawa.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser is spending a week at the World's Fair.

A very successful concert was held in Wilson's Hall, Ottawa, on Monday evening, September 4, in aid of St. Matthias church, Hintonburg, being also the farewell entertainment given by the parish to the Rev. F. B. Norrie, who is leaving Ottawa to fulfil the office of curate at St. Matthew's, Quebec. Among those taking part were Rev. F. B. Norrie, Miss Norrie, Mrs. Newton, Mr. Headley Bridge, Miss Bishop, and in vocal and instrumental and comic character songs, etc., Mr. Claude L. N. Norrie of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster of 64 Winchester street have returned from a delightful holiday in England, and will resume their music classes both at the above address and at the College of Music.

Professor Ellis of Toronto University, and family have returned from their summer holiday.

Professor and Miss Vandermiselen are home from Muskoka.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Catherine's last Wednesday week, when Mr.

Angelo M. Read, organist of St. Thomas church, and Miss Flo C. McGregor, were married. The Misses Letta McCallum and May Norris were the bride's attendants, and Mr. Barnes of Buffalo was best man. Rev. George Burson performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Read left on the 8 p.m. train for New York, whence they will sail on the steamer La Champagne on Saturday for Paris, going thence to Vienna, where they intend to pursue the study of music and attend concerts and lectures during the opera season. Both Mr. Read and his bride are far advanced in the art of music, and it is to perfect themselves in that art that they will study in Vienna. In the spring it is their intention to return to America.

Mr. W. B. Bentley of Osgoode Hall, who was called to the bar on Tuesday last, passed his final examination in the law school last May, but owing to a technicality was not called until this term.

Prof. J. F. Davis of this city, the well known teacher of society dancing, was elected vice-president of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing at the recent convention in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss and family are home from the Island. Miss Mab Moss has gone to St. Leonard's-on-Sea to school.

Mr. George Fraser of Colorado University, late of Toronto University, is visiting friends in the city.

Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Mulock left on Monday for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Sheridan of 50 Isabella street are visiting the World's Fair.

Among the names entered in the register of the Ontario office in the Canadian building at the World's Fair, during September, the following Torontonians are noticed: Sir Oliver Mowat, S. T. Bastedo, W. Breirley, J. B. Pattullo, Mrs. W. D. Gregory, Daniel Rose, Dr. D. Albert Rose, A. J. Hathaway, A. J. Ratray, J. H. Widdifield, Miss Marter and Miss Sutcliffe. Other Canadian names are: Dr. Gilmour, M.P.P. Toronto Junction, R. Mathison, Supt. Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, D. Guthrie, M.P.P. Guelph, Hon. John Dryden, M.P.P. Brooklyn, Ont., and Charles Clarke, clerk of the Ontario Legislature, Elora.

The Misses Maud Thompson, Lizzie Lampert and Nella Lash have returned from Europe.

Mrs. Albert Stovel has returned from Chicago.

Mr. Reginald Temple of Simcoe street has returned to the city.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin has returned to town.

Mr. Harry English has a lovely amateur photographic exhibit at the Industrial, on the third floor of the Main Building, south end.

The marriage of Mr. Henry F. S. Strickland and Miss Mary Patricia Hall of Peterboro' took place at half past two on Wednesday last, at the residence of the bride's parents.

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. T. Rowan, barrister, of Toronto street, and Miss Gertrude Hellwell. The ceremony will take place on Sept. 20, in the Jarvis street Baptist church, and will be followed by a house reception.

Dr. and Mrs. Beacock of Brockville, who have been enjoying the World's Fair, have paid a visit to Toronto as the guest of Mrs. Bewetherick of 270 Seaton street.

Miss Jessie Cleland of 41 Howard avenue has been visiting Mrs. McDonald of Isabella street at her summer residence, Muskoka, and has had a charming visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of London, Eng., are visiting friends in town.

Sir Richard Webster, the eminent jurist, arrived in the city on Wednesday. He will be entertained by the benchers of Osgoode Hall.

Mr. Charles McGill, manager of the Ontario Bank, Peterboro', and Mrs. McGill, with her sister, Mrs. Tom J. MacIntyre of Toronto, intend leaving for Chicago next Monday, where they will spend a month or six weeks visiting the World's Fair.

Miss Houghton of Westmoreland avenue has returned from a lovely trip by the Richelieu steamers to Montreal and Quebec.

The many friends of Mrs. Fanny S. Anthony will be glad to hear of her return from New York, where she has been pursuing her studies in elocution. They hope to have an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Anthony in the near future.

Dr. Harold C. Parsons has been appointed to a position in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

Rev. Prof. Clarke will preach in Grace church, Elm street, on Sunday morning.

Mr. Edward Blake arrived at Quebec on Tuesday morning from Liverpool by the Lake Huron. Mr. Blake left the same morning for Murray Bay to join his family.

Lady Aberdeen has become the first woman member of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, in Scotland.

Lord Aberdeen, our new Governor-General, was tendered a reception by the Mayor of Liverpool before embarking on the Sardinian, on Thursday, September 7.

Dr. Holford Walker has gone to Chicago to attend the meeting of the American Electro-Therapeutic Association.

St. Matthias church was handsomely decorated on Wednesday of last week the occasion being the marriage of Miss Julia, daughter of S. Severatt, to Mr. W. T. Thompson, manager of the Toronto Brewing and Malting Co. Miss Mabel Cooper was bridesmaid, and Mr. T. A. Wilson best man. The Revs. R. Harrison and F. G. Plummer officiated. The happy couple left for New York and the Eastern states.

Mrs. and Miss McGregor have returned from

a three weeks' visit to Chicago, where they were the guests of Mrs. Ernest Thwaites. Mrs. McGregor has taken up her residence in her new house, 39 Sullivan street.

The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary will preach in St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue on Sunday morning, and the Rev. Professor Clark in the evening. The latter will speak on the Organization of the Christian Church.

Rev. F. B. Hodgins of Toronto has been appointed curate of St. George's church, Ottawa.

The marriage of Miss Edith Thompson, daughter of Mr. Isaac Thompson of Bond street, to Mr. Ernest Anderson, Company's teller of the Dominion Bank, takes place at St. Margaret's Church on September 27.

Mrs. James Richardson of St. Joseph street has just returned from an extended trip to British Columbia.

Mrs. P. Platt of Jarvis street left last Saturday for Winnipeg to visit Mrs. Shultz, wife of Lieut. Gov. Shultz. Mr. W. S. Lee accompanied Mrs. Platt. Miss Edna Lee is in Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Score returned from Scotland Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith leave shortly for a trip to England.

Dr. Sheard has gone to the World's Fair.

Miss Clapperton of Scotland who is on a tour of inspection of Canadian and American schools visited several here Wednesday.

Lieut. Hugel, Royal Engineers, sailed on the Majestic on Wednesday, having spent two pleasant months in Canada. He is not returning to India, having accepted a position in England.

Miss Dolores Hooker of Jersey City is a guest of Mrs. King Dodds.

Mr. W. A. Parks, well known in university circles has been appointed professor of science at Hamilton Ladies' College.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Jackes are at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Hector Lamont, accompanied by Mrs. I. L. Nicholls of Chatham, is visiting friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelletier of Ottawa are the guests of Mrs. Monahan of Broadalbane street.

Miss Sandys of Chatham is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. F. Wyndham Mackenzie, son of the late Admiral S. F. C. Mackenzie and nephew of the Earl of Seaforth, and Miss Harriet Tonatt of Chippingham, Wilts, England, were very quickly married at St. James's cathedral last Saturday morning by Rev. Canon DuMoulin. About twenty or thirty friends of the parties were present.

Mr. W. W. Wakefield of Montreal, the popular manager for A. S. Nordheimer, is in town for two weeks.

### Getting It Done.

"It's strange I can't get my wife to mend my clothes," remarked Mr. Bridle disgustedly. "I asked her to sew the buttons on this vest this morning and she has never touched it." "You asked her?" observed Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes. What else should I do?" "You haven't been married very long, and perhaps you'll take a pointer from me," remarked Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal."

"Why, what do you mean?" "Do as I do. When I want to have a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's that rag bag, Mrs. Norris,' I demand fiercely."

"What do you want the rag bag for?" she says suspiciously.

"Want to throw this shirt away. It's all worn out," I reply.

"Let me see, she demands."

"But I put the garment behind my back."

"No, my dear, I answer. There is no use of your attempting to do anything with it. It needs—"

"Let me see it," she reiterates.

"But it's all worn out, I tell you."

"Now, ohn, you give me that shirt!" she says in her most peremptory tones.

"I hand over the garment."

"Why, John Norris!" she cries with womanly triumph. "This is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—"

"And then she mends it."—*Brooklyn Life.*

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We will show for the First of September novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Brocades, Satins, Corded Silks and Bengelines suitable for Bridal Trousseau.

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Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties



## Out of Town.

## Brantford.

Great preparations are being made for the opening of the new drill hall in September. There will be a promenade concert, followed by a hop. I believe the Thirteenth of Hamilton will supply the music.

Miss Lena Shannon and Miss Mae Smith have returned from Warrington, where they report having had an elegant time.

A number of Brantfordites attended the tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake last week.

Ald. A. K. Bunnell has returned from the Old Country.

Mrs. Geo. Lyall and Mrs. Fax returned to their home in Texas this week.

Mrs. Robert Dunlop and daughter, of the Kerby, are visiting Chicago.

Miss Kate McTaggart leaves for Buffalo this week, to undergo a course of training in the Buffalo hospital.

A fashionable wedding will take place in Hamilton this month, the contracting parties being Mr. Douglas Reville of this city, and Miss Jean Morton of Hamilton.

Mr. Ed. Cockshutt left for Montreal last Saturday.

Miss Greer gave a charming tea on Sunday evening to a few select friends.

Mr. Wynn Yates and Master Arthur are guests at Wynn Arden.

What they say: That Grace church picnic was a great success. That crowds leave every day for Chicago. That there are some lovely gowns ordered for the military hop. That Dr. Heath has the cutest house in town. That a sensible young belle has given up society fads. That there is only room for one. That some of the girls have purchased elegant bicycles. That the pretty girl on the avenue rides beautifully and wears a charming suit. That north ward citizens have been enjoying their night's rest lately. That when a certain young man goes out to tea he always likes the hostess to wear a white apron, because it looks homelike. That the hostess is usually an unmarried lady; and that the picnic in Grand View Park last Monday was the sport of the day.

## Belleville.

On Tuesday evening of last week the hospitable doors of Belvidere, the palatial residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hamilton, were thrown open to the elite of Belleville when Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, assisted by their charming daughter, welcomed some hundred and fifty guests to the first ball of the season. Never had Belvidere looked so beautiful, and when the guests drove up to the entrance they could not but admire the pretty scene before them. The grounds were lighted with headlights and reflecting lights of different designs, added to which were Chinese lanterns of varied forms and colors, the whole producing an effect rivaling fairyland. The spacious piazzas facing the grounds were prettily draped with flags and bunting and brilliantly lighted with colored lamps, while the drawing-rooms, which were utilized for dancing, were handsomely decorated with palms, cut flowers and shaded lamps and candelabra. In the library and dining-room, where a most *recherche* supper was spread on daintily laid tables, the decorations consisted of banks of roses and pansies. Prof. Chalaupha's orchestra furnished the music. Although the first ball of the season, I am sure it will not be eclipsed this year, for as many of the gentlemen remarked, never had the Belleville ladies in their elegant new gowns looked better. Among the guests were: Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Miss Bacon of Ottawa, Miss Brignell, Miss Carr, Miss Mary Clarke, Miss Clute, Miss and Miss Helen Corby, Miss Davey, Miss Denmark, Miss Dickson, Miss Elliott, Miss Filmer of Montreal, Miss Foster, Miss Frost, Miss Goodeve of Brooklyn, Miss Hulme, Miss Lowe, Miss May Lingham, Miss Ella Lingham, Miss Parker, Miss Pruyn of Picton, Miss Robertson, Miss Stanton, Miss Starling, the Misses Stinson, Miss Sutherland of Kingston, the Misses Thomson of Toronto, Miss Walker, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Clara Wallbridge, Miss Wragge, Miss Williams of Port Hope, and Messrs. Claude and Harold Armstrong, Boldrick of Stirling, Brown, the Messrs. Butler, Bignell, Biggar, Clarke, Cutler, Dickson, Fowlds of Campbellford, Fralick, Gillen, the Messrs. Halliwell, Hulme, Robert, Lazier, Lucmore, Mathieson, McMurrich of Toronto, Moore, McCammon, O'Flynn of Madoc, Bert Pruyn of Madoc, Proctor of Brighton, Ponton, Robertson, Starling, Stewart, the Messrs. Thomson, Wallbridge, Wills and Mayor Wallbridge. Mrs. Hamilton wore a handsome black moire gown trimmed with lace and nasturtiums and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Caldwell, who assisted Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, wore an elegant cream satin gown with diamond ornaments; Miss Hamilton was very charming in her dainty gown of ivory mull, a sweet old granny gown I should call it, all tiny ruffles from hem to waist and with the prettiest baby waist imaginable trimmed with white ribbons; Miss Bacon was a dainty guest in buttercup satin trimmed with natural foliage; Miss Brignell, white silk Empire gown with pink girdle; Miss Carr, cream bengaline with lace trimmings; Miss Clarke, cream silk with lace; Miss Clute, white silk Empire gown; Miss Corby looked charming in yellow satin; while Miss Helen was gowned in white; Miss DAVY, corn-colored brocade with yellow roses; Miss Denmark, crimson silk with white whipcord revers; Miss Dickson, white silk with trimmings of mauve velvet and violets; Miss Elliott, Nile green silk with velvet trimmings; Miss Filmer wore a girlish gown of pink silk trimmed with pink ribbon; Miss Foster, white bengaline with ribbon trimmings; Miss Goodeve was a graceful guest in coral pink bengaline and lace; Miss Hulme, white silk with *eau de Nile* velvet sleeves; Miss Lorne, canary silk trimmed with white lace; Miss May Lingham, pink silk with pink ribbons and white lace; Miss Parker was stately in cream satin and lace; Miss Pruyn was a dainty little figure in cream silk, trimmed with *eau de Nile* ribbons; Miss Robertson, black lace with pearl ornaments; Miss Stanton, white muslin; Miss Starling wore an elegant gown of yellow satin; Miss Stinson was dainty in pink chiffon, while Miss Beale was much admired in pale blue; Miss

Sutherland, pink bengaline and lace; Miss Annie Wallbridge wore a dainty gown of pale blue silk with white trimmings; Miss Walker, white with pink ribbons; Miss Clara Wallbridge was daintily attired in white muslin; Miss Wragge, cream satin; Miss Williams, cream silk; while the Misses Thomson of Toronto were gowned in cream and old gold, and pale blue with blue ribbons.

Miss and Miss Alice Thomson, daughters of Chevalier Thomson of Toronto, who have made many warm friends during their too short visit at Mrs. J. F. Warrington's, returned to Toronto on Saturday last.

Mr. and Miss Pruyn of Picton, and Miss Goodeve of Brooklyn, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. McCuaig, Dundas street.

Miss Dulmadge of Brighton is the guest of her brother, Dr. Dulmadge of Fort street.

Mr. Herbert Hulme, barrister of Toronto, who has been spending his vacation with his parents here, has returned home.

Mrs. Lambton Sewell, children and nurse, have returned to their home on Fort street after a three months' stay at the seaside.

Manager T. P. Y. Power opened the Queen's Opera for the season on Monday evening last with the production of the *Castaway* by the Harry Lindley company. Mr. Lindley and his clever troupe remained the entire week putting on a change of bill, nightly. Manager Jones is to be congratulated on such a successful opening.

## Goderich.

On September 6 Goderich saw one of the most beautiful weddings ever celebrated here, the ceremony being performed in St. Georges church by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, and the occasion being the marriage of Miss Mary Elwood, daughter of the late John Elwood, and granddaughter of the late Ven. Archdeacon Elwood of Goderich, to Mr. Dudley Holmes, eldest son of Dr. Holmes, and of the firm of Cameron, Holt & Holmes, barristers. The bride was elegantly dressed in pale yellow *jeau de soie*, *en train*, with trimming of point lace and veil and orange blossoms, and her bridesmaids were Misses Sack, Cameron, Malcolmson of Goderich, and her sister, Miss Edyth Elwood, all of whom wore costumes of white crepon with picture hats of pale pink and white. Miss Conna and Master Geoff. Holt acted as maid of honor and groomsmen, the groom being further supported by Mr. Hilton Holmes and Mr. Jack Elwood of Toronto, the ushers being Dr. Hunter and Mr. T. McDermott. The costumes of the guests were also especially beautiful, Mrs. J. R. Shannon, nee Miss A. Ross, in a wedding gown of white satin *en train* and point *d'aleon* lace and Mrs. Van Rossem of New York in her wedding gown of white corded silk with ostrich feather trimming *en train*, looking particularly lovely. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes left on a wedding tour to eastern cities, and will reside in Goderich on their return. Very seldom has such an array of beautiful gifts been seen as those given to this young couple by their almost innumerable friends.

Mrs. W. T. Kely of North street has been entertaining Miss Emma Kidd of Sioux City, Mich., and Miss O'Loane of Stratford, also Mr. Seymour of Detroit and Mr. McDougall of Omaha, Neb., during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Logan, who enjoy an enviable reputation for unbounded hospitality, entertained the Circular City Cycling Club at dinner on August 30. Covers were laid for twenty-four and a charming evening was spent. Among those present, not members of the club, were: Messrs. J. Kidd, Bird, Robson and Platt. Mr. and Mrs. Logan also gave a progressive euchre party to about forty young friends on September 5, at which an enjoyable time was spent by all in euchre playing and dancing, the last amusement being particularly pleasant in the large parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Logan's beautiful new home on North street.

Rumor speaks of two or three other fashionable weddings and another ball, but we will wait and see.

## Why We're right On diamonds

Firstly. We understand them. We've studied them and handled them for years, and KNOW them, consequently are in no sense dependent upon the opinions of others.

Secondly. We buy them personally in Amsterdam. Until the last two years we, like others, imported them through agents. Now we save their profit by going to the fountain head and selecting them right out of the cutter's hands.

Thirdly. Our stock is the largest in Canada, hence we offer the selection. A few moments in our diamond room will convince you of this fact, and show you the most magnificent stock of STARS, PENDANTS, STICK-PINS, &c.

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## BUILDING SALE

WE broke our bounds when the new Annex was completed and extended the Silk Department nearly double.

Shanghai, our new silk, all colors, 22 in., 45c. Pongora, beautiful for drapery, every shade, 25c. Plumed Crepon, in length shades, 45c. 22 in. Japan Silks, 50c. 22 in. Lister's Fongee Silks, all colors, 30c., worth 45c. Corded Bengelines for dresses, 55c., were \$1. New Figured Japan Silks for drapery, 90c., real value \$1.25.

Black Satins, 30c. Black Satins, 22 in., 50c., 65c. Black Peau de Soie, 21 in., 85c. Black Peau de Soie, 22 in., \$1. Black Surah, 21 in., 45c. Black Surah, 22 in., 65c., worth \$85c. Black Merv, 21 in., 50c. Black Gros Grain, 45c., 60c. Black Gros Grain, 22 in., 60c., \$1. Black Corded Bengaline, 22 in., \$1. Black Felle, 22 in., 75c., \$1. Stylish Velvets.

The proof o' the puddin' is in the prein o' it, and the list we've given you above is its own silk tale.

Order anything by letter.

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## Important Notice

Having just returned from New York with a choice selection of newest designs for FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

## MRS. THORNHILL

Bags to announce that these novelties will be open for inspection on and after September 1.

374 1/2 Yonge Street

Store open till nine each evening.

## Fashionable Milliner

MISS PAYNTER 8 King St. East FIRST FLOOR Ascend by Elevator

## MISS MILLS, Dressmaking Parlors,

3 King Street East Over J. E. Ellis' & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

## MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. East

## New Shoes

Choice lines of American Footwear by the most noted makers just received. Our reputation for manufacturing and carrying the most elegant goods is fully maintained by the stock we are now offering.

The J. D. King Co., Ltd., 79 King East

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME are left by all our perfect-fitting footware—leaves an elegant footprint. Our patrons are known by the beauty of their footprints. The footprints of our custom are sent continually toward perfection. Do you doubt the statement? Prove it by trying our celebrated makes of footware. Full lines of fine American Boots in every width. Gentlemen can secure a perfect fit without the trouble of measurement. Comfortable footware a specialty.

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BUTTON BOOTS I have them in B, C and D widths. P. S.—Special attention given to small sizes—1, 1 1/2, and 2.

## Handmade Dress Bones

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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

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Also fine Vegetable Freckle Tonic Soap—purest, choicest and largest stock in Toronto, from 15c. to 50c. per cake.

## ARMAND'S HAIR GOODS

Are not the cheapest, but the choicest, in quality, finish and style, and the largest and finest stock of hair to choose from.

Switches of long hair only.

Our Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago is the largest, finest and most attractive manufacture of

Artistic Hair Goods, Gray Hair Dyes, Gray Hair Regenerators

etc., at the Exposition.

We have received thousands of signatures from visitors from all over the world to that effect.

For fine Hair Goods, Hair Dyes and Perfumery go to

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Hangs, Waves, Switches and Gentlemen's Toupees, cheapest in the city.

All goods are made from the finest first quality cut hair. Call and examine them and see the prices.

Ladies' Hair Dressing, Manicure and Massage Parlors most complete on the continent. Hair Trimming, Singing, Shampooing, Bleaching and Dyeing a specialty.

Fancy Hair Dressing for Balls, Photos, Theaters, etc. Hair Brushes, Combs, Pins, Perfumery and Fancy Hair Ornaments. Prepared only by W. T. FEMER, 127 Yonge Street, 1 Door South of Arcade. Telephone 2275.

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Switches \$1

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# MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret,"  
"Under False Pretences," etc., etc.

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## CHAPTER XV.

"I have a letter from her," Mrs. Hyde exclaimed one morning as she sat at breakfast with Felix.

The young doctor looked up. "Where is she?"

"Mrs. Hyde glanced again at her letter, looked at the beginning and looked at the end, then, with an expression of deep disappointment, shook her head.

"She's put the name of the house," she said, "without any town, Rosebush Cottage. But where is Rosebush Cottage?"

"What is the post mark?" asked Felix.

"Mrs. Hyde produced the envelope, but the postmark was undecipherable. Scarcely a letter remained unbroken, and the envelope therefore did not afford any clue.

"But does she not say? Does she give no information about herself?"

"You can read the letter," said Mrs. Hyde.

"I don't understand it at all. It is very unlike Marjory to act in this way."

Felix took the letter and read—

"ROSEBUSH COTTAGE.

"MY DEAREST AUNT MARY,—I have been wondering if Felix has called again at my lodgings and discovered my flight from town; if so, you will all be wondering where I have vanished to. You need not be in the least anxious about me, darling. Ada and I were yearning for a little fresh air, and so we came away to the country for a few days, in order to be out of the 'hurry-burry.' She sketches a little sometimes, and I lie on the grass all day and do nothing. He felt that Marjory ought to have given her full address. After all, they were as much in the dark as ever. What was the use of writing only to tell them what they knew already, that she had gone away?

"He was a little startled that they were even, when Mr. Hyde said to him, with more keenness than usual:

"Is there anything wrong about Marjory?"

"Nothing, sir, that we know of."

"Your aunt heard from her this morning," said the Squire. "I don't understand why she doesn't come."

"She does not know that you are ill. She missed her letters somehow," said Felix. "She has been unwell herself, and has gone away into the country with Miss Ferris." He hoped that he was speaking the truth.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said Mr. Hyde vaguely. "I shall not see her. I know it now. There's no use disguising the facts, Felix, I am going to die."

"Not yet, uncle."

"Very soon. In a day or two, I should think. Unless she comes pretty quickly, I shall not see her again, and I wanted to talk to her. Will you promise to tell her what I say?"

Felix hesitated for a moment. "If you have any special message, would it not be better through Mrs. Hyde?" he said.

"No, you are the person to speak to her," said the Squire. "You are my representative, don't you know? Felix, a word from your aunt opened my eyes not very long ago. I have been thinking over the matter ever since. Tell me if it is true. She thinks you are—fond of Marjory."

"Yes, it is true," said Felix.

"Do you really mean that you have fallen in love with her? My wife says so, but I don't know how she has found it out."

"I don't know either," said Felix, "for I have never told her, but it is perfectly true. The dearest wish of my heart is to make Marjory Moore my wife. I hope you have no objection, sir. You know yourself how gifted she is, how beautiful."

"There, that will do," said the old man. "I have no need to listen to the praise of the woman he wants to marry. I might very well have no objection. Her family—why, she has no family, so to speak. She comes of peasants, she is what the world calls 'a nobody.'"

"I thought," said Felix, half reproachfully, "that you valued her for the musical power that Uncle Sheraton. You have said to me more than once, that fame was a nobler thing than rank or wealth."

"I believe it," said Mr. Hyde, "and I am going to give you a practical proof of my belief. He lay for a few minutes in silence with his eyes fixed on Felix's face, and Felix awaited his next speech with outward calmness, but with much inward perturbation.

"Give me something to drink," said the Squire at last. "Something strong. I want to talk to you a little. I purpose I shall be too weak to say very much if I wait any longer. There, that's better. Now, listen to me. I not only put no objection in the way of your marriage with Marjory Moore, but I am anxious to do everything in my power to make such a marriage easy for you. You will see this by the terms of my will when you come to read it. Marjory is in every way such a wife as I should have chosen for you, if I had ever thought of choosing. She is, as you say, good-looking and clever. She is strong and healthy too, and she has exactly that amount of musical power that will blend well with yours, for you have talent, you know, Felix, although you have chosen to hide your light under a bushel. You should be the father of a race of musicians. Talent like yours and Marjory's is rare to be transmitted."

"Felix could not help laughing at the idea."

"It is perfectly true," said the Squire, unmoved by his nephew's momentary amusement. "That is one among many of my reasons for wishing you to marry her. As I say, she is suitable in every way, with the exception of birth, which she can't help. I should like the marriage to take place as soon as possible after my death. Then you can bring her here, and she need not waste her life in giving music lessons in London."

"But, my dear uncle, I have never asked her."

"Don't think, at least I am sure —" He stopped suddenly; he did not exactly know what to say.

"She doesn't dislike you," said Mr. Hyde quickly.

"Oh, no. I don't think so. I believe she

looks upon me as her friend," said the Squire.

"She will be very happy with you, I am sure of that. You don't think she has entangled herself with anybody else, do you?"

"I don't know that she has," said Felix gravely, "but I'm afraid there's no chance for me."

"Pooh! If she likes you and there is nobody else, I don't see the slightest reason why she should not marry you, especially when it will be to her interest to do so."

"How do you mean, to her interest?" said Felix anxiously.

"Mr. Hyde's dark eyes twinkled. "You will be a rich man," he said. "You will have this house and plenty of money. Would it not be to her advantage to have you for a husband?"

Felix was reassured. He had for a moment been afraid that his uncle was about to speak of some absurd proviso in his will with respect to Marjory's marriage, but the Squire said no more. Felix felt that it would be superfluous to make objections, but could only thank him and assure him that he would tell Marjory some day what his wishes had been.

He had no more opportunity for conversation with Mr. Hyde. From that forth the Squire's strength declined rapidly and it was evident that the end was near. Felix ran up to town more than once in order to see whether Marjory had not returned, but nothing had been heard at her lodgings, either of her or her friend, Miss Ferris, and he had therefore to abandon the search in despair.

The end came very quietly at last: the old Squire fell asleep one day and never woke again. Felix's medical knowledge mitigated his regret, for he knew very well that Mr. Hyde would never again have risen from his bed and that softening of the brain was already beginning to set in.

The announcement of Sheraton Hyde's death in the *Times* and other newspapers did what Felix's efforts had failed to do. It brought Marjory back to Redwood Hall. Not at once, however. Probably the newspapers had been slow in reaching the remote place in which she had spent her holiday, for although she came, as she told them, within an hour of her first sight of the obituary notice, she did not arrive at Redwood Hall until the day of the funeral. She came full of tears and remorse, extremely shocked and pained at what had occurred, and ready to blame herself so heartily for her escape that Mrs. Hyde's heart very speedily softened towards her, and she forgot her sense of injury in her desire to comfort the girl.

Felix was for once a little more obdurate than his aunt, in spite of his love for Marjory. He was displeased with her, and having more knowledge of the world than Mrs. Hyde he was more disposed to distrust the effect on the mind of Mrs. Grundy of such sudden disappearances. When Marjory had fully made her peace with the Squire's widow, she found that she had a harder task before her in subduing Felix Hyde's quiet disapproval.

"Indeed, Felix," he said to him with tears in his eyes, "if I had ever thought of poor Mr. Hyde's being ill I should most certainly have left my address, but I suppose you don't know what it is to desire to get away from everybody, and to leave no address behind. It seemed irresistible to me just then."

"Captives of that kind may lead you into great difficulties," said Felix dryly.

"I know, I know," said Marjory penitently. "I will never do such a thing again. But it never occurred to me that anything could happen during the short time that I was away—why, it was not three weeks." And Marjory blushed faintly.

"Three weeks without leaving an address," said Felix cynically. "When you are famous and wealthy you may do that sort of thing with impunity, but it is rather a risk to cut yourself off from the world like that for three weeks, just now. However, I didn't mean to say so much. Don't fret over it, Marjory. Fortunately there's no harm done, as you are among friends who won't allow anything to be said against you."

"Has anything been said against me?" said Marjory quickly.

"Oh, no, nothing that signifies," said Felix rather reluctantly. "After all, leaving no address was not a very heinous offence; it looked a little thoughtless, was all. I have made too much of it, I am afraid," he added in a tone of regret, as he saw that her eyes had again filled with tears. "Don't cry, dear; I can't bear to see it."

The tone and epithet of affection seemed involuntary and under the circumstances perfectly natural. Marjory dried her eyes and felt comforted. "I did not like to be on anything but friendly terms with Felix."

"And now," he went on, with rather an embarrassed smile, "there is some business for you to hear about. I will call Mrs. Hyde; she will tell you what it is."

Marjory looked up with frightened eyes.

"I would rather hear it from you," she said.

"What is it, Felix? Is it something you have heard?"

"It is business connected with my uncle's will," said Felix, rather surprised at her distrustful tone.

"Oh, then, won't you tell me about it?" she said, recovering herself. "I am sure it would distress Aunt Mary, and if it is a business matter you would be able to explain it better than she would. Tell me yourself, Felix. It can be anything very bad."

"Not exactly bad," said Felix, hesitating, "but it depends on the way you look at it. It would not be bad for me if you were to agree."

"What is there for me to agree to?" said Marjory.

"Aunt Mary would tell you better than I," said Felix, but noting her look of perplexity and disappointment he straightened his shoulders as if bracing himself for an effort and went on slowly, "but I will tell you if you like; and Marjory, you must not think that this was my doing; I knew nothing about it till it was too late."

His manner frightened Marjory a little. Her face paled as she regarded him.

"It is in this way," said Felix, with his eyes fixed on the floor. "You know the love which my uncle had for music. You know how disappointed he was in me, and how pleased to find in you a talent really worth cultivating. He rejoiced most thoroughly in your success, and always meant to secure your future in some way, so that you should be able to give your powers to the best kind of art. He has taken a way which may seem a little odd and surprising to you, Marjory, but if it were possible, if you would consent to it, it would not be such a bad way after all. He spoke now with great and increasing satisfaction. As far as it depended on me I should do everything in my power to give you the freedom, the security that art demands. You will be shielded from all anxieties and dangers, you will never have to toil for your daily bread. You shall have complete liberty of action in everything, if you can only bring yourself to accept what I am longing to give."

A wave of color passed over Marjory's face. She rose to her feet and looked at him, but did not speak.

"You may not have known," said Felix desperately, "but my uncle knew that I loved you. Marjory, I love you with all my heart and soul, and only desire above all things, as I have long desired, to make you my wife. No, don't interrupt. Hear me out; you must let me tell you what my uncle has done. This

house and the bulk of his fortune have been left me, but there is a man of ten thousand pounds to be settled on you, on one condition. I wish to heaven that no condition were made. It is left to you on condition that you take me, Marjory, as your husband. Otherwise, I am sorry to say, there is nothing for you at all. Marjory, is it possible, seeing that I love you and have loved you ever since I saw you first, I think—is it possible for you to carry out my uncle's wishes, some day, and become my wife?"

The color was burning hotly in Marjory's cheeks. There was a look of utter dismay and consternation in her eyes, but there was not the look that Felix had hoped for. There was no hint of yielding, no shyness of consent, neither was there the anger that he had half dreaded to provoke. She held out her hands to him in the frank friendly way.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## The Drama



THE Old Home—instead, Denman Thompson's play, is sweet with the simplicity of rural life. There is nothing much in it from a dramatic standpoint, not much of a plot, no great climax, no love story, no separation and final reunion of Augustus to his little goosey-geese. But it contains a group of clever character sketches. Even one who does not know New Hampshire can appreciate the delicacy of the portraits presented. We all know Cy Prime and Seth Perkins; we have all been gawped at by Eb Ganzy, and many of us have met Josh Whitcomb, have warmed our chilly natures at the never-falling fires of his hospitality, kindness and generosity, and been glad to testify that such men do live here and there. Prime and Perkins, simple old chaps, still unaware that they are anything but youngsters, never having assumed the responsibilities of manhood, always reproved and set a-choring, wrangling and keeping up a now historic rivalry for an old maid's hand—it is interesting to speculate what sort of men they would have been had they had different surroundings. Naturally keen and quick, but shut up in a narrow life, knowing nothing of the rushing, crushing modern world, a game of checkers or a run to the postoffice is to them a great happening.

A man can fit himself to any sphere in life. A bright young fellow with a University training and an ambition second only to that of Satan may decide to practice his profession, say law or medicine, in a small village for a year or two until he gets his sails in working trim, after which he plans to move on the city and make his greatest knuckle to him. He settles in the village and finds it intolerable and he marvels that so many intelligent men continue to reside there with seldom a longing for the busier career of the city. Gradually he becomes more accustomed to village life; he likes the people and, not to appear boorish, he avoids introducing deep questions for discussion but talks on topics that others introduce. He gets slowly wound up in the social life of the place, its meetings and organizations of one sort and another; its little spites and scandals engage him; he finds his time occupied without reading the magazines and so he stops the magazines; he finds that he knows all he is required to know about his profession and more than his nearest opposition knows, and so he stops reading old books and buying new ones, the price of which, he, about this time, begins to consider excessive. Still his ambition is strong. He dreams of future deeds and smiles in his conscious strength. He is a man of character and parts, and he feels it. But time enough! Let him get a little better off—let him see a good chance, let him get his eye on such a chance as this one or that one got and he will make the public eye bulge out of its socket. His visits to the city grow fewer and fewer, they worry him, and he feels out of place among the bustling people running their legs off going nowhere. It's healthier in the country; living is cheaper in the country; a man is more generally known and his worth is more easily felt in the country; some professional men have done extremely well in the country; the superiority claimed by the city is affectation and impudence and he will stay in the country.

This is the history of very many people and it is a sad history, not because the country is inferior to the city, but because it shows how people with soaring ambitions allow them to succumb to the inglorious pressure of daily habit, allow their perception to dim and weaken until the horizon closes around them and their outstretched hands touch the walls of the world. It is a bad thing for a man whether in city or country to allow the horizon to fence him in too close. He should go out with a traveling bag and an enquiring mind every little while and push it away back in all directions so that the horizon instead of becoming in time petrified into a stone wall will retain the vapory qualities of a figure of speech. This is my advice to young men: Keep pushing the horizon back.

The crowded state of Moore's Musee testifies to the strong list of attractions there this week. In the theater there are the Worrall's, musical sketch artists, who are followed by Sheehan and Sullivan, popularly supposed to be of Irish extraction, whose antics are very funny. Then come the two Patties, small of stature but vast of lung, who inform the audience of the lamentable fact that their father won't work. The last performers are Petrie and Elise who do an act entitled Passing the Toll Gate, which is replete with humor and horrible puns. Up in the lecture hall the redoubtable Whale Oil Gus and Little Monday, who has not grown much since his last visit, inform the people of the dangers they have passed through when in pursuit of the levitations of the vasy deep. Two small ponies, Mite and Bridget, are also to be seen, exceedingly pretty little beasts and well worth a visit. The World's Fair is also to be seen and a strong jawed man who lifts with his teeth a

barrel full of water, upon which four men are seated.

Rider Haggard's She will be produced at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week. The Chicago Herald says of She as presented in the Empire Theater of that city: "Of the play no higher recommendation can be made than to say that it was an admirable representation of the theme of H. Rider Haggard's great romance. Edwin Barbour has accomplished successfully the difficult work of adapting a novel to the stage. The ancient history necessary to a clear understanding of the plot, which is placed by Haggard well along in the progress of his story, is embodied by the adaptor in a skillfully contrived prologue, which places the auditor in touch with the whole movement of the play. Every act ends with a thrilling climax, which whets the appetite for the final denouement. The drama is presented with excellent scenery and fine mechanical and electrical effects. The City of Kor by moonlight, the swamps of Zanzibar and the revolving pillars of fire were excellent examples of modern scenic art. Ethel Raynes portrayed with success the difficult and complex character of Ayesha in both its aspects, the queen and the woman. There is no disappointment when Ayesha throws aside her veil, for she is a beautiful woman and looks every inch a queen. Maud Durand as Ustane won the hearts of the audience, and Fred Summerfield and Edwin Browne as Holley and Leo were good. Dan Williams and Mart Stevens, as the two obliging servants, furnished the fun of the play, and brought down the house with their songs and dances."

Julia Marlowe will be at the Grand next week and crowded houses are sure to greet this trust of artists and, in some respects, great-est actresses. Among other plays she will present Sheridan Knowles' bright comedy, The Love Chase, taking the delightful part of Constance. We give a pen drawing of Miss Marlowe in the character of Juliet. In a recent article on Shakespearean plays Miss



Marlowe expressed her belief that a growing number are using the stage as a help to study, students at high schools and colleges are everywhere attending her performances critically examining her interpretation of the various roles played. She considers this the spirit that will rescue the legitimate drama from submersion under the flood of frivolous things.

A course of six entertainments will be given during the winter months, commencing in October and finishing in March, 1894, by the ladies of the West End Young Men's Christian Association in aid of the furnishing fund. Exceptional talent has been secured among which we may mention Miss Jessie Alexander and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson of New York, the Metropolitan Stars of New York city with Judge Green as Humorist, the Gleason Concert company of Boston, Mass., Prof. Clark, Mr. Adam Brown, the Morton Lady Quartette, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mr. Owen A. Smully and others. Tickets for the course to non-members, \$1.50. To members of the association, \$1.00. The plan of the hall will be open to subscribers on and after October 16, at the secretary's office, West End Y. M. C. A.

Arcadia had a big run at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, proving itself a delightful attraction. The sparkling Jarbeau has also done well at the Academy.

The Fat Man's Club will be the attraction at the Academy of Music next week. It is very funny. From present appearances the Academy is going to put up a great bill of plays this season.

There will be some unusually attractive features in Moore's Musee during the coming week. Prince Mignon, who is considered to be the cleverest dwarf in the profession, will give performances both in the curio hall and afterwards in the theater. To talents of a very high order, he adds a naturally whimsical exterior which renders his various imitations of different famous comedians intensely ludicrous. For many years he has been the protegee of Kernell the famous Irish comedian and his repertoire includes many of his master's best known characters. In England and New York his performance created a furor among the frequenters of those places where he appeared. In addition to Prince Mignon there will be a pack of well trained wolves who go through some very good tricks. Alf Sidney, whose wood carving has secured him a great reputation, will be another attraction. In the theater a strong company will hold the boards.

As the daily papers have given such exhaustive accounts of the International cricket match SATURDAY NIGHT has dispensed with its cricket column this week. In fact, as the season is pretty well over, the department will probably be dispensed with until next spring.

## A Twilight Episode.

PLEASANT and pretty things are always turning up at the World's Fair. The longer one stays in Chicago, and studies the myriad inventions, the beautiful exhibits and the interesting happenings which each week heralds, the harder it is to come away from the fascinating panorama. I must tell you about one of those pleasant happenings. On Monday evening of last week, the great throng of evening spectators, who stay over or come out to witness the illuminations every evening, were beginning to cluster round the fountain, to perch on the broad bases of the statues, and to settle snugly down in groups on the wooden benches. The dusk began to creep across the still waters of the grand basin, the tiny glowing electric lamps began to gleam yellow-white on every eave and ridgepole, and to string out like golden bead necklets round the stone coping of the bridges and the classic facade of the peristyle. Building after building was garlanded with sudden flashes of light, it ran along the water's edge, girdled the dome of the Administration building and formed on top of it a pretty coronet of yellow diamonds. People sat quietly watching, for the peace of twilight had fallen upon the roaming crowds, and they rested and were still. Presently everyone leaned forward and listened. Softly floating over the water came certain sweetly toned and beneficent words, swelling into a full chord, falling into a half-hushed prayer, well worn, familiar, but heard in this classic city of white palaces, as they have never been heard before or since. Out on a floating barge were many sweet singers. Dr. Clinton Locke's Grace church choir, who softly chanted their evening hymn, Abide With Me. The men wore their college "trenchers," the boys their red caps, the voices ebbed and swelled in the sweetest conceivable harmony and the crowd caught a long breath of delight and sympathy and settled into silence. Whenever and wherever they hear that hymn of evening again surely some memory will come to them of the Magic City hung with garlands of fire, reflected in glass waves and athrob with human beings, some fadeless memory of the evanescent glory of the dream palaces and gardens and lagoons which have been the wonder of the millions from every corner of the globe in this summer of 1893.

It was a sweet and satisfying testimony of the good in all of us, that hushed and happy hour, between the day and the dark, when we listened to the music waiting those sacred and peaceful words of trust in the Great Head of All, and I like to set it against many a sordid and wretched misery which came between me and the sun in my prowls round Chicago.

G. K. D.

## When Grandma Comes In.

H E had been golfing, and with the luck of a beginner had made a score far ahead of the son of the house who really knew something about it. Being a polite family, consisting largely of young ladies, they made him feel what a phenomenon he was. This began rather to pall on the son of the house, but sharing the family politeness he maintained a discreet silence after having given the young man what he considered sufficient praise. Grandma sat in an armchair by the fire peacefully clicking her needles. She was a sweet, white-haired, pretty, gentle old lady, but it was commonly reported that she had made things fly in her youth.

The guest was an umbrageous young man, and he waved and spread himself accordingly under the sunshine of the young ladies' smiles. "Yes, really, I'm generally pretty lucky, you see it doesn't take me long to get on to things. Why, now, at lawn tennis, you might say I was an A 1 player after my first set." "Really, how wonderful!" exclaimed the eldest daughter, "it took you two years, didn't it, dear?" turning to her brother. Grandma whom none supposed to be listening knew that her estimable granddaughter was laughing at the young man, but the son of the house was

her favorite grandchild and she didn't like it a bit.

That gentleman moved uneasily in his chair and intimated that he didn't call himself a good player yet.

"Yes," said the guest, beaming on the assembled company, "I may say that in any physical exercise the first trial with me is always successful."

"No," objected grandma clearly, "I distinctly remember your mother saying that you were two years old before you could walk, she thought you were never going to learn."

And the polite family waited in pained silence hoping that someone would say something to soften the blow.

PENNY.

## Tit for Tat.

A GENTLEMAN in the west end got off a rather good joke at the expense of the principal of one of the west end schools lately, although the principal may not have heard of it yet. At present there is a discipline in the city schools that amounts at times almost to tyranny. Those who have children going to school get a taste of it occasionally. The ratepayer in question sends two boys to school and just before the holidays the elder fell sick and absented himself from school for a time. On resuming his studies he was confronted by the principal, who declined to accept his statement that he had been ill, and refused further to accept a note from the boy's parents as sufficient, but demanded a doctor's certificate, which the indignant parents were forced to procure.

The very same evening the boy came home and saluted his father with the news that the principal had requested him to bring a dollar to school next morning to assist in buying flowers to decorate the graves of the heroes killed at Ridgeway.

"Tell the principal when you go to school tomorrow," said the ratepayer, "that I won't give that dollar unless he sends me a doctor's certificate showing that the heroes of Ridgeway are dead."

ZEKE.

## The Woman Who Laughs.

"You can trust your happiness with a woman who laughs," once said a wit. Though the assertion may seem like a sweeping one, founded on a very airy basis, there is much more truth in it than appears on the surface.

An honest laugh is the enemy of subterfuge, and the woman who can see the ridiculous side of the annoying happenings of every-day life will not become the dismal, tiresome companion that the pessimistic individual is so apt to prove.

Somehow one feels instinctively that they can trust a person who has laughing eyes, whose mouth is ever ready to dimple into smiles, and whose disposition tends to brightness rather than depression.

Loud meaningless laughter is as bad as the cackling giggle emanating from a shallow mind, and is an evidence of lack of breeding, but the spontaneous, low, happy little laugh, teeming with enjoyment of the moment, and backed by a nature pure and lovable, is a charm in woman as attractive as a lovely face or beautiful form.

## The Lion and the Lamb.

A Western man called at a Wall street broker's office and was met by a pert New York office boy.

"Can I see Mr. Blank?" asked the visitor.

"Not right away," said the boy.

"Is he in?"

"Yes; set down and wait a bit."

"How long?"

"Soon; he gets through with the man that's in there now."

"Will it be long?"

"Not very, I guess."

"Can't you give me an idea?"

"Well, it won't be long," said the boy reflectively. "The man has \$20,000 in cash to back again the street with and the boss is tellin' him how."

## The First Sunday Car in Toronto.



On Sunday, September 3, a crowd of boys secured an empty bob-tail car on Bathurst street and ran it down to King. They put their shoulders to the wheel and pushed it up grade again and rode down once more. A policeman scattered them, but later on other boys secured the car and had carried it to the corner of King and York when the police again routed them. It is said the youngsters

intended to place the car as a trophy at the door of the World office. While the car was coming down Bathurst street a friend of Saturday Night got out his kodak for a snap shot and the boys sighted him. The brakeman stopped the car, the youngsters who were hanging out of the windows cheering for Sunday cars, changed their positions and—here they are. This makes a capital picture of mischief.

## Willie's Good Night.

For Saturday Night.

He was bowed with care, he was aged and gray,  
And I paused in my walk as I passed his way,  
And under the shade of a chestnut tree  
This doleful story he gave to me:

"It isn't the happiest thing in the world  
To tell of the gul' into which you're hurled  
By deeds of your own, unless it shall serve  
As a precept to those whose temperaments serve  
From sunshine to darkness on slight provocation;  
'Tis then, sir, I'd tell it without hesitation;  
He paused, then mournfully bowing his head,  
In accents disconsolate tremblingly said:

"I was just passing by in the hot, dusty street,  
When mine old eyes espyed this low rustic seat,  
And I sat myself down. Then a child's voice I heard,  
And my heart to a quick throbbing movement was stirred,  
When I looked to behold in the arch of your door  
The vision of one I had seen oft before.  
'Twas a child—a sweet boy, with golden curls bright,  
And I thought that he said to me, 'Papa, good night!  
It was fancy! But oh, how those words caught mine ears!  
How often I've heard these words in these desolate years!  
How they fill me with sadness—with awful remorse—  
They are bowing me down with a terrible force.  
Well, sir, I looked and remembered this place—  
Remembered it! O cannot mortal eyes  
From the brain all those thoughts of the sorrowful past?  
No, never! No, not until death comes as last!  
As I said, sir, this place I remembered quite well;  
I knew the bright grounds where the sunshine fell;  
I knew the tall mansion, the trees, 'em the fence,  
I knew the tall figure which blazed of expense,  
And as they all glared in my poor feeble sight,  
Again came that murmur, 'Dear papa, good night.'  
I have hoped for many years to once more behold  
The scenes of my childhood, my manhood, and gold  
Of bright luster, great riches, broad acres, such things  
Could never impart the great pleasure it brings—  
The pleasure and grief, to sit here once more  
And behold my old home, with its broad oaken door.  
Yes, sir, that mansion and those fertile fields  
Were mine once—all mine—oh how memory yields  
To my touch, my best store. It was happier then  
Than hundreds and hundreds of opulent men.  
My household was rich, the fairest young queen  
That ever set foot on that clove shore green;  
And my hall re-echoed the light merry glee  
Of a sweet baby boy who was dear to me.  
Dearest than life, with a nature so bright,  
And at bed time he always said 'Papa, good night.'  
How happy was I in those days long ago,  
As a husband, a father, perhaps, sir, you know,  
But oft in our lives there are moments we use  
To nurse some vain folly, which brings on the blues,  
And I was not one quite exempted from these,  
But would give way and worry, and fret by degrees,  
Until I was thrown into terrible gloom,  
And 'twas this, sir, that ushered my grief and my doom.  
One night I came home, rather late from the store,  
With my heart and my brain from despondency sore,  
I was crabbed and peevish, my soul was asleep  
In the cup of discouragement, bitter and deep.  
I cared not to chat with my loved ones that night,  
The haze of my troubles had blinded my sight—  
Destroyed my reason and made me a fool—  
In the hands of Old Nick a most excellent tool.  
For dealing death strokes to the pleasure he hated,  
I came home to those who for long hours had waited  
The sound of my footsteps, the pleasure of meeting;  
But I saddened their hearts with the tone of my greeting:  
My wife's lovely features were full of surprise,  
And a deep disappointment looked forth from her eyes,  
'O, Ned,' she exclaimed, 'what has happened to-day;  
Is anything wrong at the store, dear O, say!  
Are you ill? For your cheek is so warm,  
And so flushed, as with fever, I fear some alarm—  
I answered her gruffly, and stalked off to bed,  
But I saw by her face that all pleasure had fled—  
There were tears on her cheeks and her bosom swelled  
High,

And I heard her lips utter a grief-laden sigh.  
The clutches of Satan were clasping me tight;  
I heard not my Willie's sweet 'Papa, good night,'  
Even my wife's troubled whisper, 'Our Willie is ill.'  
Seemed to have no effect on my mean, stubborn will.  
I gave little heed to my boy's murmured prayer,  
I kissed not his lips so like rose petals rare.  
I sought the dark solitude of my room,  
And I slept as a drunkard sleeps, in gloom,  
But I woke ere the dawn of the morning grew light,  
Just to hear in a whisper my boy's good night,  
It startled me now, 'twas so sad and so faint,  
That I yielded at once and threw off my restraint,  
I remembered my wife's saying, 'Willie is ill,'  
And I crept to his side. He was silent and still.  
I placed my warm hand on his fair young head  
But a chill from his senses—O, God! he was dead!  
Yes, sir, dead, and his life once so happy and bright,  
Had fluttered away with his whispered 'good night,'  
My grief overpowered me. I dashed from the room  
And hurried thro' streets—over fields—into gloom;  
And onward, still onward, in frenzy I fled,  
Nor caring just whether my footsteps led,  
Till at last, exhausted, I sunk by a stream,  
With my reasoning lost in a maniac's dream.  
All prospect was dead in my life once so bright,  
And remorse was repeating my Willie's 'good night.'  
After years of existence in a madhouse pent,  
My reason returned, but my health was spent.  
They released me at last from my maniac's cell.  
They started me forth with the words, 'You are well.'  
I am well in mind, but at heart there is strife  
A terrible goading; a sorrow for life.  
No sunshine will ever my sadness o'ercome,  
I must bear it alone until death comes at last.  
My wife lies there 'neath the churchyard's sod,  
With her burden of grief, gone home to God,  
And I am just waiting, just waiting, you see,  
Till my heavenly Father shall send for me.  
And there, at the foot of the great White Throne,  
I shall meet, I shall claim, I shall love mine own.  
Yes, there, on that golden shore so bright,  
I shall answer my Willie's sweet 'Papa, good night!'

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

## Eva Isabel.

For Saturday Night.

Fair as the dawn on the crest of a mountain  
Lay our sweet Eva in dreamless repose;  
Pure as the waters that fall from the fountain;  
Sweeter than life has passed to its close.

Stainless the hands that in union lie folded;  
Crimson the cheeks of our dear Isabel;  
Silent the ruby lips Nature had moulded,  
Robed in a murmur, "I love you so well."

Seven precious years, each a life tinged with glory,  
Ere from the home our loved darling had gone!  
Seven silver summers, each moment a story,  
Thrilling with splendour from evening till dawn.

Will Eva slumber, forgotten forever,  
While her few years pass from shore unto shore?  
May, her kind words from the mind none can sever,  
Ere the' her tones will recount nevermore.

Greater than earth with a shadow around her,  
While we hung o'er her, our eyes bathed in tears,  
From earth's wild care the unseen hand unbound her,  
Leaving to flourish, her immortal years.

A. R. HARRARD.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is reported to be less active than usual this summer and to have given up even his favorite recreation of driving.

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# Between You and Me.

**S**IDE by side, on the placid bosom of the North Lagoon, lie two vessels, which every visitor to the World's Fair should inspect, and spend some afterthought upon. They are the model war-ship and the Viking vessel. The first is generally swarming with visitors who question, admire and peer about over the spotless decks and among the wicked looking guns, and who receive various items of information from the crew and the soldiers with more or less of gratitude and comprehension. The soldiers are camped in a dear little square of tents a few yards from the wharf, and I had a talk with one of them as he sat on his camp chair, and watched the stream of visitors leave the ship at 5.45 p.m., closing time. His father and mother were Irish, though he wasn't Irish too, but purely American in sympathy and aim. He knew all about the war of '62, though he had been but a babe in arms, when his father bade him good-bye and went to the front. He looked forward with anticipative glee to a ruction in Europe, and it was this confession which made me hazard a remark as to his parentage. He laughed and twisted his great brown mustache as he confirmed my guess. "There's lots of us here," he said, "and a war would be good for us!"

The Viking ship is so little and so uncomestable that the crowd generally passes it by with a glance, but I had my ideas about it and I looked at the brown little vessel with very admiring eyes. Captain Andersen is popular in Chicago, and his hardy, weather-beaten face and muscular form have graced a good many swell functions. He is modest over his risky voyage, and still more modest over his reputation in Norway, where his heroism and skill on the sea are a by-word. No one but he, his sailors declare, could have got them together to face the dangerous western passage to America, in the ship of their forefathers. However, they have won safely across and proved the tradition true of the voyage of Bjarni in 893 and of Leif Ericson in 1000, when these fear-naught Vikings found America hundreds of years before Columbus was thought of. There is a very big statue of Leif Ericson, somewhere about the Fair, before which I stood a moment to say: "You did do it. I'm sure you did," and the kindly giant, with his grand face and dilated nostrils seemed to proudly ignore the tardy acknowledgment and to be above and beyond our little homage. Talking of Captain Andersen, it is pretty to hear him tell in his lecture on Vikings and their ships, how during the past year, when the voyage across the Atlantic was mooted and the ship being built, his discouragements were so great that but for the faith and enthusiasm of his wife he would have given up the whole project. Half a dozen times he gave it up, and as many times she encouraged him to go on to success. Of such women come the heroes of Norway, and it is a thousand pities when such women, in this land of ours, spend their lives and energies chasing after the franchise instead of chasing after young American sons and daughters. The country needs mothers more than voters.

I could not help laughing at the comment on our Age of Progress which was afforded by the decline of the Gondola at the Fair. In May these quaint and uncomfortable crafts glided along in the chill wind, bravely manned by picturesque and swarthy Venetians, who were as gorgeously and suitably clad as possible. Blue and pink and green and scarlet were their hosen, doublets, hats and shoes. Where are they now? In July some Jack tars propelled the long proved boats, and when I last enquired for them I was told that they were tied up, and that the great American public had no use for them. The dear little "electric launches" that shoot about the lagoons with neither noise, smoke nor delay embody gratefully the American idea of "get-there," and are the popular and paying affairs.

Some one asks me to tell them what to look at in the Art Gallery. In the first place, if you know anything about artists and their work, look well at your catalogue before you leave home, mark the famous names (they are few), and when you arrive at their section you will remember them when you see the mark. Of the pictures of which I have brought any clear impression with me I might name a Russian painting of Columbus and his crew on the Santa Maria in a storm. That sounds very tame, but if you watch for the bar of sunshine to fade from that picture through the glass roof, and realize that it isn't going to, you'll admire the skill that painted it and fooled you! There are Lady Butler's Roll Call, Sir Frederic Leighton's Andromeda and a few more in the British section in a wilderness of uninteresting things.

Our own artists' work looks well. George Read's well-known Foreclosure is ideally hung and looks splendid. There is a picture called The Victory of Faith, which you might mark and look at. Two nude women, one Patrician and blonde, the other, evidently her slave attendant, lie sleeping on a straw-strewn dun-geon floor. Their faces are sweet and peaceful. The slave casts a protecting arm over the pink body of her mistress; on her red lips hovers a faint smile. Behind the women is a grated door; behind the door famished lions crouch and dig their claws under the grating, knowing their meal time is at hand. A vinegar-faced woman from Massachusetts watched this picture beside me. "They ain't decent," she said decisively. "Poor creatures, but I guess they don't mind nothing much now. I declare there's a powerful lot of preaching in that picture." Before another, in which a mother was bidding good-bye to her son, we saw a woman with a crape veil crying bitterly. She found a heart-convulsing vibration, and one part of the artist's work was done, as far as she was concerned. But the pictures didn't rouse my enthusiasm, and only made me very tired and cranky, so that I was glad to get out on the lake side once more.

LADY GAY.  
Fred—Why is she so popular?  
Arthur—A light hurts her eyes.—Truth.

# Folks at the Fair.

How You Encountered a Pickpocket and how he Encountered You—The Arabs and the Swooper.

BY MACK.



The Equivoque.

**D**ID you take in the Fair? Did you get crushed in the throng, holding on your hat with one hand and keeping the other pressed against the bulging part of your pocket so that no one could steal your roll? Did your hand brush against some other fellow's hand down near your pocket and did you glare at him and edge away forgetting that his pocket was down there, too, and his hand was guarding it, and you both suspected each other and glared at each other without a cause? After you each get to your widely separated homes, to your respectable places in society, to your pews in your churches you will each tell of an encounter with a pickpocket, a most notorious rascal, who, as near as you can tell from the newspaper accounts, was arrested the following day, loaded to the ground with stolen money, watches and jewelry. You will tell how, about three o'clock of a certain afternoon, as you were crowding into the main building, you felt a stealthy hand gently, gently fingering the outside of your pocket and quick as flash down went your hand and you caught the pickpocket by the wrist. He tried to wrench loose but you had him in an iron grasp. You found the wrist belonged to a tall, thin man with a wiry beard and the most villainous countenance you ever saw. To down him and call a policeman was your first impulse and a hunted look came into the felon's eyes, but just then the crowd swayed, he made a twist, got loose and escaped through the crowd. You saw him by chance afterwards along with another desperate character and followed them up to put the police on to them but they eluded you. That is your story, and the villagers to whom you in all sincerity will tell it, will gaze in wonder at a man who was too many for a pickpocket.

His story would be far more interesting for you, if you could only hear him tell it. He has also returned to his home and to his simple villagers relates this tale, and you will readily perceive where you come in: "It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and I was crowding into the main building, when I felt a stealthy hand gently, gently, fingering my right hand pocket where I had my money. I had had a fifty dollar bill changed, and the man had given me fifty American one dollar bills, so it made quite a roll. I had heard a good deal about pickpockets, and when I felt that hand searching about me my heart stood still. But I recovered and made a clutch, and caught the scoundrel by the wrist. He stood right



An Oriental Smoker.

beside me, and was a big, fat man with a round dissipated face on which were traces of all sorts of crime (your face). He wore a big mustache, but on second looks I saw at once it was false, so that he could put it on or off in dodging the police (ye powers! your mustache, the pride of your life, the boast of your native village). He made frantic efforts to get loose, and some bright steel instrument dropped from his hand as we struggled, no doubt a knife for cutting pockets. [His imagination is more vivid than yours.] I was glad enough to get away from such a character, and you may be sure he made tracks when I released him. But he was bound to rob me. Later in the day I met our pastor, Rev. Adoniram Brown, and we were going down to inspect the poultry when on turning around I saw the pickpocket following us up with such a look of malice in his face as I never want to see again. We cut across through the horse sheds and escaped him. The police arrested an American thief on the grounds next day, and from the description of him given in the papers I have no doubt it was the man who tried to do me up. I am sure it was he."

You men have each other down fine, and it would be a great joke if you should meet as lay delegates to a Methodist Conference. Those who have thrilling experiences at the Fair generally come by them in this way.

The two headed boy is a big drawing-card. Outside are immense placards representing the monstrosity in various situations where his two heads and four arms stand him in good stead. The first shows him up as a muscular double-headed oarsman rowing with four arms, pulling away from an antagonist who is cursed with the disadvantage of only having two arms. Again he is dancing with two beautiful ladies, each one of him embracing one of them and flirting desperately, an occupation in which the beautiful ladies are also



The Skull Cracker.

# ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



VI.—H. I. M. The Empress of Germany.

engaged. Again he is shown in his historic altercation with that conductor who demanded two fares from him and persisted in his demand notwithstanding the fact that both his tongues pointed out at once that he only occupied one seat. In demanding two fares the now famous conductor argued that the railway rate was three cents a mile per head, and the double-headed passenger would have to whack up another fare or he would stop the train and put one of him off. But last and most enthralling of all—here is where the boys stood in a row with bulging eyes—he is depicted in a street brawl, each pair of hands knocking down a burly ruffian while each pair of eyes search the landscape for other burly ruffians in need of a thrashing. Did you go in to see this carman, this graceful dancer, this enigma for conductors to unravel, this puncher of burly ruffians? Ye powers, what a cruel awakening! A freak of nature—a thing to secrete, not to parade; to avoid carefully, not to rush after curiously! Nature often jokes, but she is seldom so horribly spiteful as in this case. Her most frequent joke is to give a man the wrong kind of a nose. I once knew a Christian—he was a blackguard, but classified as a Christian—who got a Jew's nose by mistake, and it would curl up, snort, sneeze and make all sorts of violent demonstrations every time he ate pork chops. It was of enormous size and could raise no slouch of a demonstration when it set about it. My Christian friend was very partial to pork in any form, yet was of so obtuse a turn that he never suspected the religious difference existing between his mouth and his nose, treating himself for hay fever and one thing and another, so that he had the peculiar spectacle of a Gentile taking medicine to overthrow the prejudices of Judaism thirty centuries old. Of course he thought he was doctoring for hay fever and still thinks that is what ails him, but I know that Nature, in a prankish mood, gave him a Jew's nose and that it objects to pork on principle. You know lots of men whose noses seem to have been acquired in a scramble, or to have been dealt out to them in the dark—jokes, all jokes by Mother Nature. And then, too, you know freckle-faced people, those wearing freckles on their hands and faces, each as large as a nickel. Nature, towards the close of a busy day, grows tired designing new people, leans back in her chair and pettishly splashes ochre from her brush on the one before her, gets amused and interested, makes a complete job of it, and greatly refreshed by the small diversion, resumes her hum-drum work. Nature likes a little diversion, hence she mixes noses, freckles faces and makes bandy legs occasionally. But nobody can tell me that, with her fine eye for beauty and love of grace, she cracked such a joke as this two-headed person. She did not mean it for a joke—an advertisement for legs and trunks, that's what she meant it for.

Did you take in the Congress of Nations? Did you buy some of the candy "from the far away countries, all the way from Constantinople," which the man with the bursting facial veins told you about? How similar are these people are. If we did not know otherwise, if we did not know that these people had been seduced from the Columbian Exposition where they were an immense attraction, we might suspect that they were Italians from St. John's ward masquerading in the garb of various nationalities. But they are the genuine thing. Our artist secured, from several of them, their autographs in Arabic, and other hieroglyphics less intelligible still. One of

them, the chap with the great mustache who looks like a skull-cracker from grim Tartary, wrote his name in three languages. As specimens of humanity these people are interesting but as performers they are not famous. Anything less artistic, more crude and tuneless and timeless than the dance of the four men of whom a sketch is given could hardly be imagined. Their boots are large enough to use as boats in navigating an ordinary sized river, and their pants—if I may be pardoned a reference to anything so broad—were sufficiently voluminous to serve as family tents if inverted and sustained by poles. I suppose when living on the desert one has to be prepared for emergencies you and I wot not of. It is no doubt very handy for men to wear their tents in this way.

The girl who, keeping time with bangles on her fingers, danced an imitation of the vulgar stomach shuffle and hip hornpipe that made such a rumpus in Chicago, would have graced, with her rich face and supple figure, a movement more poetic than the one she went through. It was interesting to observe that, although this wine-colored maiden could not speak English, there is a volapuk of the eyes understandable of all tribes, by which she conducted animated converse with certain Upper Canada College boys on the afternoon of my visit, who bespoke her attention by hearty applause. It struck me at first as very pathetic to see this pretty girl, unable to speak English, untaught the little tricks of civilization, confronted with a delightful opportunity to flirt, yet unable, as I stupidly supposed, to take advantage of it. But you should have seen her natural instincts assert themselves and surmount the difficulties of race, creed, color, language and so forth.

The men with the colored air balls did a big trade on the grounds from the opening of the Fair. But the peanut men beat all. The ordinary ones cried: "A whole sack of peanuts for a nickel," but the king of his kind made the skies resound with his yell: "The great double-jointed, telescopic, pan-American peanuts for sale here and only here! Form in line and get served in turn. Don't crowd or I'll call the police. Five cents buys a bagful that you can't h'ist on your shoulders without grunting." This way for the great, double-jointed, etc." He did business that fellow. Of course it looked a little out of place to see him order one small boy to form in line and quit crowding, but other boys bustled up and fell into line, no doubt feeling as though they were getting into a circus or something and required to look sharp or they would be shouldered aside by others.

One of the most interesting exhibits is the miniature farm in the North-West building,



where everything is laid out on a toy scale, buildings, fields, men, implements and stock. An ordinary farmyard duck, stuffed, is standing near three haystacks and towers above them. The effect is startling and one is made to feel that if ducks attain such a comparative size in the glorious west, they must be able to gobble up men and horses, three or four a day. People smile at the astonishment shown by the country people as they go about the city, but it is easily paralleled by the emotions of city women as they go through machinery hall and watch that hay tedder kicking away for all it is worth. That iron heeled implement as it kicks holes in the air all day long is stared at continually by city ladies who are asked in vain by astonished children what it is kicking at. I saw a city family deeply interested in the movements of a boy as he sliced roots to feed to sheep. They couldn't leave

him, and to them that was one of the biggest features of the Fair, more wonderful than Tel-el-Kebir.

Those of you who live in the city, have you been swooped down upon this year? I know one man who was swooped down upon. A farmer from away up somewhere came to town calculating that he would quarter himself upon a former acquaintance whom we shall call John Smith because that was not his name. This incident is going to be related in disguise so that if the parties involved chance to read it, it will hit their feelings with a muffled thud. He could not find John Smith. John had moved and all attempts to trace him to his lair proved futile. Baffled, but still frisky, the farmer walked the streets logging his heavy valise and keeping a keen out-look for any householder whose face or name he had ever seen or heard mentioned.

"Hallo," he cried. "Noah Jones, Butcher, Home made Sau-sages, Fresh Oys-ters Daily." He gazed at the sign. "Noah Jones—why he must be the Noah Jones what went to school with me in Markham township thirty years ago. If I don't disremember I heard say he'd gone into the butchering. Won't he be glad to see me though," and he entered the shop. Mr. Jones was in. Yes, the man in the white apron was Mr. Jones.

"Well, Noah, how air ye?" "You've got the best of me, stranger." "You don't know me, eh? Well, well. I'd have know'd you anywhere. You've grow'd exactly like yer father as he was at your age—jist as like as two peas. Don't you remember the old log schoolhouse in Markham township where we went manys the day together and were more like two brothers than anything else?"

"Oh, you're away off," said Noah Jones, Fresh Oysters Daily, etc. "I never lived in Markham township in my life—only came out from Eng-land six years ago." "Git out! Do you mean to say—well, no harm done. What part of England do you come from? My wife was a Wilson and the Wilsons and the Joneses air married through other past all countin'. Maybe we're related, after all."

"I guess not. But, say, there is a Noah Jones living around on — street, No. 33." That was enough for the swooper. He swooped down upon 33. It was about four in the afternoon, and when the lady of the house was informed how her husband would be over-whelmed with pleasure on meeting his old school-fellow, who had planned this surprise for years, and as the aforesaid school-fellow took his welcome for granted, what could she do but get him a lunch and let him have a wash, leaving it for Noah to keep or kick him out when he came home.

But Mrs. Noah did not relish the affair in the



The king of his kind.

least, and left the swooper to himself. He decided to take a seat on the "stoop" and look about him. A few minutes later Mrs. Noah decided to quietly look him up. In the hall she was startled to find his dusty hat and coat hanging on the rack, and going out she was rendered quite dumb by finding his great muddy boots standing in the doorway. Where was the man! Her first thought was that the swooper was a robber who had taken away good clothes and left these rags behind. Alas, how prone the best of us are to suspect evil. Rushing out to see if the villain were still in sight she stood transfixed with horror. Half a block away was her husband's school fellow standing on the sidewalk talking cheerfully over the fence to two gentlemen, a lawyer and a doctor, the nabobs of the street. As he talked he frequently jerked his thumb down towards where she stood, and she knew as well as though he had roared it in her ear, that he was telling them he was visiting at Noah Joneses, old friend of Noah's, went to school with Noah and was more like brothers than anything else in them days. But it was not so much what he said as the figure of the speaker. He was bareheaded, uncumbered; his coat was off, his vest open, a clay pipe in his lips and last of all, he was in his sock feet. As he explained to the lawyer, the doctor and other neighbors, who had gathered in a friendly way and been embraced at once into the range of his remarks, he "left his boots down to Noah's and took a little step out to kinder get the kink out of his toes and rest his feet a bit, it's so all-fired tiresome tramping around on these danged pavements." The mortification of it was too much for Mrs. Noah. Her husband found her in tears, but he called all his courtesy into use and was passably decent to the swooper—gave him a bed and an early breakfast, sending him away because he expected a large number of his wife's people that morning. The swooper would have argued the point, but the cold glitter in Noah's eye could not be reasoned with.



# NOTABLE EVENTS IN HISTORY

NO. 1.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

This famous warrior was the natural son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Harlotta, the daughter of a tanner. Before entering upon his expedition for the subjection of England, William had declared in favor of his eldest son Robert as his successor to the duchy of Normandy, but afterward, when Robert, who was an ambitious and headstrong youth, demanded of him the execution of this engagement, he gave him an absolute refusal, and told him, according to the homely saying, that he never intended to throw off his clothes until he went to bed. Robert openly declared his discontent, and was accused of secretly entering into an alliance against his father with the King of France and the Earl of Brittany. He also became jealous of his brothers, William and Henry, who by their more gentle dispositions had acquired the affections of their father.

The three princes were residing with their father in the castle of L'Aigle, in Normandy, when Robert picked a quarrel with his brothers which required the most vehement interference of the father to suppress. Robert left home, cast in his lot with several discontented nobles and rose in open rebellion against his father. This lasted several years and grew to such dimensions that William



was forced to call over an English army officered by his old generals, who soon routed the insurgents. Robert took refuge in the castle of Gerberoy, where the English soon surrounded him. Many battles which were little more than single combats occurred before the castle walls, and in one of these father and son met quite unknown to each other. Both being famous fighters the struggle was fierce, until at last Robert wounded his father in the arm and unhorsed him. The Conqueror's voice as he fell betrayed him to his son, who, struck with remorse, begged forgiveness, placed his own horse at his father's disposal and sent him within the walls. Although the son's forces were beaten, his gentle conduct on this occasion procured his father's pardon, and he soon after led the Normans in resisting a Scottish raid.

As William advanced in years he became very corpulent, an event which, strange as it may seem, was the cause of a fierce war between himself and Philip, King of France, and which also resulted in William's death. These events were brought about in the following manner: William had been detained in bed for some time by an indisposition arising from his excessive fat, upon which Philip expressed his surprise that his brother of England should be so long in being delivered of his big abdomen. The old king being informed of Philip's raillery, sent him word that as soon as he was up he would present so many lights at Notre Dame in Paris as would perhaps give little pleasure to the King of France, alluding to a custom of that time of women after their confinement. Immediately after his recovery he proceeded to put his threat into execution, by leading an army into France and laying the country waste with fire and sword. But the progress of hostilities was stopped by an accident which soon after put an end to William's life. His horse one day in battle starting suddenly aside, he bruised his stomach against the pommel of his saddle; and being advanced in years, as well as in a bad state of health, he apprehended serious consequences and ordered himself to be carried in a litter to the monastery of St. Gervais. As he saw death approaching he began to repent of the evil he had done, and according to the custom of those times sought atonement by making presents to the churches and monasteries. He expired in the sixty-third year of his age, having reigned over England twenty-one years and over the duchy of Normandy fifty-four.

It was a fixed maxim of his reign in England that no native Englishman should ever be advanced to any dignity, ecclesiastical, civil or military. They were degraded and humiliated in every possible way. Among other outrages the Norman barons demanded the revolting right of passing the first three days with every newly married native bride in their jurisdiction, and for years they enforced this claim under pretense of a desire to raise up a generation that would be friendly to their interests. On other occasions they required young English couples to pass a night in the lake or river near the baron's residence, in water up to their waists, for the purpose, as they claimed, of scaring away the frogs and preventing them from disturbing the slumbers of their lord. Others were compelled to climb tall trees and spend the night among the top-

most branches, subjected to the ridicule of the rabble beneath. As might be supposed, such revolting hardships caused the more sensitive and better class of English people to abstain from marriage, which was quite agreeable to Norman policy.

## The Old Settler.

"Gran'pop," said little Peleg one day, "didn't you ever hear of George Washington and his little hatchet?"

"Peleg!" replied the Old Settler, looking sternly at his enquiring grandson, "ar'y an' late, an' late an' ar'y I've sot ye a warnin' ag'in 'siniwatn'. Do you think that 'cause Sugar Swamp wa'n't swellin' an' bustin' with population like the Ridge is here that folks never heard nuthin' there? Do you think that 'cause the schoolma'ms that usety teach the young idee o' Sugar Swamp by the seat o' the pants an' the nap o' the neck an' churn 'em till the were blisters on 'em—do ye think that 'cause them schoolma'ms didn't chaw gum an' wear their hair down in their eyes that the young idee o' Sugar Swamp didn't know nuthin'?"

"You're 'siniwatn', Peleg! You're 'siniwatn' that your poor old gran'paw didn't git no furder along in his education than to stan' up ag'in the wall an' spell b, a, b, k-e-r, k-a-b-a-k, an' hol' up his han' to ast wuther him an' Bill Bonutt couldn't please go out an' git a pail o' water. But I kin tell ye, sonny, that the young idee o' the Sugar Swamp deestric' grabbed 'larnin' in great big chunks, an' the schoolma'm never had to ask me more'n wunst how much tootemstoo was. I hadn't order say nuthin' more to ye, 'cause ye 'siniwatn', but just to pour coals o' fire on your head I'll let ye know, b'gosh, that I have heard o' George Wash'n'ton an' his little hatchet, an' the onfortnit cherry tree, an' more'n all that, I don't think a darn sight o' the hull business, nuther!"

"Don't you, gran'pop?" exclaimed Peleg. "Well, do you know that it has been found out that it ain't so?"

"What hain't so?" asked the Old Settler.

"Why," replied Peleg, "what history says about Washington and the hatchet. He didn't cut the cherry tree down with his hatchet."

"Go 'way!" ejaculated the Old Settler.

"What did he cut it down with?"

"Nothing," said Peleg. He didn't cut the cherry tree down at all."

"An' George didn't go up to his pop an' say, 'Father, I can't tell a lie! I done it with my little hatchet!'"

"That's what the teacher says has been discovered," said Peleg.

"Sonny," said the Old Settler, "this here has added sumpin' like nineteen or twenty years to your gran'paw's life. It has took a load off his mind like liftin' a fifty-pound weight off a pressin' o' head cheese! That's the only thing I had ag'in Wash'n'ton. Jist to think of a man ez liked his little hooter o' the ol' stuff in the mornin', like he did, with tanzny in, mebbey; an' a man ez could handle a cuss word now an' then without spillin' it, ez the record said he did when his men wa'n't fightin' jist to suit him, an' then to hev him handed down to hist'ry ez sayin' that he were a chap ez couldn't tell a lie! 'Why,' I usety say, 'if that's so, George Wash'n'ton mowt jist ez well a not keered for his mornin' snifter, and he mowt jist ez well a let his sojers ast foolish without chuckin' a swear or so at 'em, for this here little statement that he can't tell a lie spiles the hull business. Some things about ye, George, I usety say, 'is great, but I can't go that little statement 'bout lyin'! It's ag'in natur'." An' so tha never were no hatchet an' no cherry tree, hey, Peleg? An' George Wash'n'ton never said he couldn't tell a lie! I allus said he were the greatest man I ever heard on, an' now I know it! He liked his snifter, an' he could handle cussin' when he were mad, an' he never said he couldn't tell a lie—which has allus been a 'siniwatn, Peleg, that anybody ez could tell a lie were poorty far along on the down-hill side o' the turnpike! I kin hardly wait fer nex' Wash'n'ton's birthday to come around, I want to celebrate it so bad! Peleg, allus keep yer eye on the man that makes a p'nt o' gettin' a reputation fer bein' a man ez can't tell a lie! Folks done their best to git me up a reputation like that un, but I fit it an' fit it, an' to! 'em they mustn't."

"Don't do it!" I say. 'Tain't right! Jist 'cause I don't lie, I say, 'hain't no sayin' that I can't, I say."

"Even up to this very time folks often meets me an' shakin' their heads, says: 'You an' George is like two peas! What a team you an' him would a made!' they says. That has allus made me madder'n a hornet, sonny, but now when they say that to me I kin clap 'em on the back an' say:

"'Right you are, b'gosh! Me an' George'd make that team now, matched to a T, and sound in hoof an' wizen!'"

"Which gives me a chance to remember sumpin' fer ye, sonny. It's about a feller citizen I had wunst, who lived in the Sugar Swamp deestric'. His name was Tugg—Corlander Tugg. Now, somehow or other he got the name o' bein' a man ez couldn't tell the truth, but wa'n't so at all. Tha never were a truth-feller man ever lived in Sugar Swamp—an' I don't 'cept myself, nuther—than Corlander Tugg were. But the folks wouldn't believe anything he said, an' things got so bimeby that Corlander begun to git worked up over it, an' said that if folks didn't look out he'd show 'em one o' these days wuther he didn't tell the truth or not. I usety argy with folks an' tell 'em they was wrong, 'cause I know'd Corlander wa'n't the all pervadin' liar they said he were, an' they actin' got to sayin' that the fust thing they know'd they'd be a 'spectin' me o' stretchin' things! The folks that had fust set ev'rybody ag'in Corlander was Jephthy Hibby an' his ol' Aunt Mandy. They was in the store-keepin' business an' so were Corlander, an' Jephthy had growed up with the reputation o' bein' a man ez couldn't tell a lie. He said he was satch, an' folks somehow had got in the habit o' believin' him, an' so when Corlander Tugg started in the storekeepin' business in Sugar Swamp Jephthy give it out that Corlander couldn't tell the truth, an' folks had to b'lieve what Jephthy said. So things went kind o' tough with Corlander, an' one day he come to me an' says:

"'b'lie,' says he, 'I'm gointer turn this here deestric' topsy-turvy!'" says he.

"'Corlander,' says I 'how?'"

"'Sile,' says he, 'I kin out-bewitch the witchin'est witch ez ever lived when it comes to bewitchin' things,' says he.

"'Corlander,' says I, 'I never knowed ye could,' says I, 'but if you say so I know tha hain't no doubt ye kin.'"

"'Sile,' says he, 'ye kin bate yer boots fer ten generations that I kin,' says he. 'An' w'at do ye s'pose I'm gointer do?' says he.

"'Corlander,' says I, 'I dunno.'"

"'Sile,' says he, 'you know, and so do I, that Jephthy Hibby is the biggest liar on the face o' the earth, an' so is his Aunt Mandy,' says he.

"'Corlander,' says I, 'if tha's anything I do know it's that I!' says I.

"'Sile,' says Corlander, 'I'm gointer bewitch Jephthy's store things so's he'll show all his customers what a darn lyin' feller citizen he is, an' yit he'll be a-tellin' 'em the truth all the time!'" says he. 'Ye couldn't do much wus to a chap than that, could ye?'" says he.

"'Corlander,' says I, 'b'gosh ye couldn't!'"

"'So Corlander he tells me to go over to Jephthy's store nex' day an' hang around. I did, an' ev'rything looked jist ez it allus did, till I come ol' Sister Dantubbs, a p'ticlar friend o' Jephthy's an' Aunt Mandy's. She ordered a pound o' pork an' a yard o' caliker. Jephthy weighed out the pork, an' ez he done it up I see that Sister Dantubbs looked kind o' stary at Jephthy. Then he measured off the caliker, and Sister Dantubbs says:

"'Brother Hibby,' says she, 'I said a pound o' pork an' a yard o' caliker.'"

"'Yea, Sister Dantubbs,' says Jephthy, 'that's w'at I heerd ye.'"

"'But ye only give me half a pound o' pork an' half a yard o' caliker,' says she.

"'Oh, no!' says Jephthy.

"'Oh, yes!' says Sister Dantubbs.

"'Then Jephthy weighed the pork over ag'in. It weighed a pound. He measured the caliker. It measured a yard.

"'There!' says he. 'That's right, sister! A pound o' pork an' a yard o' caliker!'"

"'It's no satch thing!' says Sister Dantubbs, mad. 'It's only half a pound an' half a yard!'"

"'And then Aunt Mandy come an' jined the chorus, an' pooty soon there were the liveliest kind of a quarrel goin' on, an' Sister Dantubbs hustled out o' the store, yellin' that she'd never come in satch a cheaty place ag'in. Corlander's witchin' were workin' fine. The pork were a pound an' the caliker were a yard, but the store were bewitched to Sister Dantubbs, and she could only see half a pound and half a yard. An' so it kep' on goin'. Folks came in an' ordered things, and Jephthy weighed an' counted an' measured 'em, but they never came out right, an' ev'rybody bimeby got it into their heads that Jephthy were an ol' cheat an' a liar arter all. So they quit his store, an' had to do the nex' thing, which were trade at Corlander's store, an' when they found that he could tell the truth about ez well ez anybody, they kep' on tradin' there. Sure enough, Corlander had turned the deestric' topsy-turvy!"

"'Well, sir, the consequence were that Jephthy an' Aunt Mandy had to pull up an' leave the deestric', an' they're recomended there now ez the most onblushin' liars ez ever lived, an' it were tellin' the snuggest kind o' gospel truth—sumpin' they hadn't done afore—that give 'em the reputation. An' so, Peleg, I were allus glad I fit ag'in folks buildin' me up a reputation fer bein' one ez couldn't tell a lie, though they know too well that I fight shy o' doin' it. An' I'm glad that tha hain't nothin' in that story 'bout the little hatchet an' the cherry tree, 'cause now I kin look folks in the face when they say to me that me an' George Wash'n'ton'd make a match team, an' kin slap 'em on the back an' say:

"'Right you are, b'gosh! Me an' George'd make that team now, matched to a T, and sound in hoof an' wizen!'"—Ed. Mott in N. Y. Sun.

## Harvest Excursions

On August 22, September 12 and October 11, 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and to points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates of fare, time tables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 37 York street, Toronto, Ont.

## He Made Him Quit.

Recorder (to prisoner)—How do you live? Prisoner—I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked whether he'd be roasted or fried.

Recorder—We don't want to hear what the oyster said. What do you follow? Prisoner—Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it ran over a man.

Recorder—We care nothing about the locomotive. What is your business? Prisoner—That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken.

Recorder—That comes nearer to the line, I suppose? Prisoner—Altogether in my line, as the rope said when choking the pirate.

Recorder—If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months. Prisoner—I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook.

## To Columbian Exposition

Via the Wabash vestibuled trains running to Chicago every day in the year, are the finest known to the railway service. They are complete and solid vestibuled from end to end, the entire train being a moving palace of connected apartments. All Wabash trains stop at Englewood, near 60th street entrance to the World's Fair; electric cars direct to grounds every five minutes. Get your tickets via Detroit and the banner route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## Very Likely.

"I wonder how man lost his tail, anyhow," said Hawkins, as he and Parker were discussing the Darwinian theory.

"He probably wore it off sitting down, in the old times when man didn't have to work," said Parker.

## English Opinion

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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## Great Luck.

"I can tell a story of a man who was lucky," said a business man to a group of story-tellers. In the early days of the gold excitement in California there came to San Diego a man who was sick almost to death. He was taken in hand and fixed up. He told a story of a wonderful find of gold he had made. It was only a few days off, he said, and he would take a party to the place if they would outfit.

"Several men who heard the story of the great gold in the mountains that was theirs to go after, got up a party of fifty. The start was made with that man as leader. After a few days' travel it became evident that the man had forgotten the way. They traveled on, trusting to luck, however. Indians were hostile at the time, and they started in to mow the gold hunters. They picked off one after another with their bullets. A score were thus taken off. Then a fever struck the party, and eleven more went the way of death.

"By this time the nineteen survivors were crazy with rage. They had been fourteen days out and were traveling in the most arid country. Food was growing less and less, and death faced everybody. On the afternoon of the fourteenth day the leader, who had caused so much misery, was given three days more to find his gold 'find.' If he was not successful by that time he was to hang.

"Well, the three days had almost passed, and still there was no sign of the find. The last hour was almost up. It seemed that the man must hang. There were only five minutes more, now two minutes, now one minute, now half a minute—then came his luck. Just as the time was up for hanging that man dropped dead.

"I don't see how he was lucky."

"Why," said the business man, "he was lucky because if he hadn't died he would have been hanged."—*Tacoma News.*

## Smart Work of the Confederates in Transporting a Seized Locomotive.

"The most successful and at the same time most unique Civil Service examination that I know of occurred during the war," said T. C. DeLand of the Examining Board of the Treasury. "The Confederacy was very much in need of a locomotive in order to operate their supply system. It was in 1864, and they had not the means to buy an engine, so the invariable alternative arose—steal one. A band of one hundred men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a big six-foot-four Georgian, who had been foreman of a stone quarry and was more or less skilled in the use of derricks, etc.

"He took his men up into Maryland and they tore up a section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway tracks, flagged the next train, and with nothing on earth save plenty of rope those hundred men carried the locomotive fifty-two miles over hills, across streams, through bogs and woods, until they struck a line the Confederacy had built. Then they ran the engine down to Virginia.

"When Robert Garrett, then president of the Baltimore and Ohio, heard of the feat he couldn't believe it. He went out and personally inspected the scene; went over the route and declared it the most wonderful feat of engineering ever accomplished. After the war he delegated a man to find the leader of the band. He was located in Georgia. Garrett sent for him, and on the strength of that single feat made him roadmaster of his entire system of railroads.

"Any man that can pick up an engine with fishing lines and carry it over a mountain has passed his examination with me," said he."—*Washington Post.*



Nurse, washwoman and general housekeeper (looking through Kitchen Guide)—Oh, bother such a cook book! I've been all through it twice, an' it don't give no fancy dishes wot kin be made of bread and water!—*Life.*

## His Mirth Saved Him

"There was a queer character out in Virginia City during the palmy days in the early '60s," said W. H. Barstow. "He was called Laughing Tom. He couldn't say a word without laughing, and he usually prefaced what he had to say with a series of chuckles that were the most infectious things imaginable.

"There are hundreds of stories of which Tom is the hero, but one there is in particular which I have never seen printed. One day Tom began playing poker with a miner. The stakes were small, but they were big to the players themselves, as they represented all their earthly possessions. It was nip and tuck for a while, and a pretty good jackpot was being built up, when the miner saw Tom slip a card. He said nothing until the laughing prodigy opened the jacker, bet off the limit and was about to gather in the pot, when the miner quietly told him he had seen him cheat.

"All right," said Tom, with his laugh, "it was unintentional, I assure you, but take the pot and let's keep on playing."

"The miner was agreeable and the play was continued until he caught Tom cheating again. It was the latter's deal and he slipped two cards into his lap while shuffling the cards.

"The miner was as mad as a hornet, not so much on account of Tom's cheating as because of the insult to his intelligence by the bungling style of Tom's work. Rising and drawing his pistol the miner said:

"D—n you, Tom, I'm going to blow the top of your head off."

"Tom looked up into the gun's muzzle and laughed out: 'You wouldn't kill a feller before the draw, would you?'

"There was no tragedy that day."—*Washington News.*



CLARINDA AT HOME.

## "The Lady's Page" in the Fashion Journal.

"I would strongly advise you to have your dodo treated in old gold and peacock blue. A morning gown of light Nile green, with delicate pink ribbons, would suit your complexion. Dacy sells a dream of a thing for thirty dollars. Don't forget to mention my name."—CLARINDA.

## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

DIAMOND I—Your writing is not formed and I could only guess at your characteristics.

AMATEUR ACTOR—You are frank, sincere, somewhat ambitious, and very fond of beauty, sensitive to blame or praise and very persevering.

J. MUD—A constant, decided will, warm affections, great impulse, some idealism, a little impatience and carelessness of detail, independence, but desire for approbation, a friendly, sociable being, who will make friends and who possesses many charming traits.

LA SERRATA—Your writing shows an amiable but very peculiar temper, tenacious opinions, a tendency to despond, excellent judgment, great love of beauty and some susceptibility, the art of finishing thoroughly what you undertake, adaptability, rather a bright wit, and altogether a forceful and well balanced character. You have more influence than you suppose.

HOPE EVELINE—This writing is so very erratic but has at the same time so much character that I cannot style it "unformed," but I cannot give it a satisfactory study. Some of the traits which it reveals are surely owing to the want of experience and point to immaturity. I think I must ask Hope Eveline not to tempt me to criticize her yet.

LYDIA HAWTHORNE—If your study is not perfect please do not blame me. You folded up your letter while the ink was wet, and a very smeared study is the result. You are strong-willed, persistent, logical and what a down-Easter would call smart, of decided talent and rather a progressive mind. You love ease, but can also squander affection on unselfish objects. You should have some conspicuous musical bent, and are at all events far from a commonplace woman.

F. W. T.—I am glad you gave me until Christmas, and feel quite active to be so far ahead of your limit. 2. Your writing is much marred by being written back-hand, which always tells of a lack of spontaneity and naturalness in the manner and method of the writer. You are, however, a very pleasant person, sweet-tempered, hopeful, rather witty, a little inquisitive, of admirable coolness of head, constant in purpose, fond of pretty things, and while capable of affection apt to grumble at any sacrifice of your own comfort or your own will. You are sure to make friends and get lots out of them, too!

A CITY OWL—No rules are given as to names de plume. You may subscribe yourself what you please. Should a nom de plume be vulgar I probably should not notice it at all in this column. Correspondents very seldom deserve such a fate. 2. Your writing shows much refinement, self-respect and considerable power of imagination. You are rather an idealist, somewhat bright with much quiet force of will and a dislike to be imposed upon. You are very thoughtful and sincere, and love pretty sights and sounds. A charming lady, who should have many admirers. You are orderly, systematic, observant and self-controlled.

LILLIAN NORDICA—1. You ask me my opinion of a person who having attended the theater becomes badly stage-struck. Well, that one trait is hardly enough to form an opinion upon. I've known some very lovable and charming people who fell under the delusion that they could not be happy unless they were on the stage. They got over it, either by time or by failure, or, rarely, by success and hard work. 2. You are somewhat practical and matter-of-fact, with some facility, rather lacking in self-control, as well as in judgment, subject to fancies, a little self-willed, very discreet in speech, slightly idealistic. I think time will improve you.

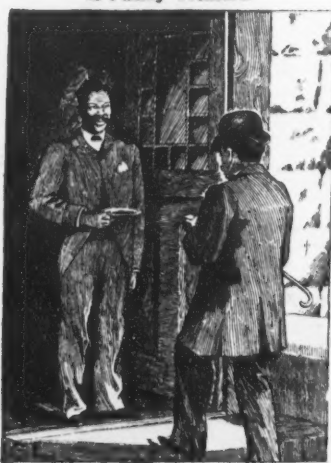
W. L. L. COBBOUR—Thanks for your comical little sketch. Did you ever play off a tie in progressive euchre for a longed-for bit of painted china while your friends and here crowded round wagging each on their omissions? Did you ever lose the fatal game? If not, you don't appreciate the possibilities of progressive euchre in making or marring bliss! 3. You are original, misanthropic, quaint in conceit and a person able to enjoy or suffer in a marked degree. You are

largely influenced by circumstances to be happy and somewhat apt to fall into dreams over daily affairs. You are careful, forceful, of reasoning power and much social attraction, a clever body indeed, and apt to be well loved by those who know you best; refinement, culture and self-control are plain.

LADY EDITH TRISHAM—1. Your ladyship may write as often as you please. 2. A few books for a young girl should include Eliza Lyall's works, some of Dickens, for instance, Combe & Son, Old Curiosity Shop, Black House and Little Dorrit—Beverly's charming sketches of Scottish life, A Window in Thrums, The Little Minister, etc., any or all of George MacDonald's. I don't think Hardy's Tess would suit most young girls. You observe I don't mention Mary J. Holmes, May Agnes Fleming or Mrs. E. M. Southworth, because they are five-sixths impossible, inartistic trash which do no good, and waste much valuable time, besides violating the taste and dulling the mind of the reader. This remark answers your second question, in a certain degree. I forgot to mention E. P. Roe's stories. They generally have an elevated and somewhat spiritual tone, though they are not always elegant in diction. 3. Your writing has excellent promise, but is not formed enough to give a perfect study.

SCRIBATES—1. It is quite allowable for two unmarried ladies to go to a matinee or concert without any further escort; as to the theater, I think remarks might be made if they attended evening performances in the same unprotected manner, but only if they were well known in society. People are allowed much more liberty now than formerly, and provided the young ladies conduct themselves with dignity and discretion there is no reason why they should not go out together in the way you mention. 2. A well bred man will not smoke while walking with a lady; an underbred and selfish person would probably do so. It is not good manners to do so, but good manners are becoming scarce. 3. Your writing shows an original, thoughtful and slightly reserved mind, more given to conceal than to confess the deeper feelings. You are particular as to appearance, somewhat independent, energetic and slightly ambitious, with capacity of much affection, somewhat vivacious manner, decidedly bright and observant, but able to take good care of yourself; a strong, decided and firm will is yours. You are systematic and orderly in matters of business and very careful.

## A Family Treasure.



Hicks—Jove! I came near giving you one of Mr. Barton's cards instead of my own. Coward—Dat's all right, sah. Ef yo' sen' up Mr. Barton's card, Miss Polly sho' to come down.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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## A Vain Search.

Von Blumer—I hear that burglars broke into your house last night. Did they find anything? Witherby—No. My wife is cleaning house.

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## SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents each for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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will derive strength and acquire robust health by a persevering use of the great

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## Music.

**T**HE Toronto Vocal Society will be in the field for fresh honors during the coming season. For years past this has been the most popular and successful of our local societies, a fact largely due to excellent business management, well arranged and attractive programmes and discrimination in the selection of voices in making up the chorus. The officers and committee for the ensuing year are: president, Mr. George Musson; first vice-president, Mr. D. Kemp; second vice-president, Mr. James Medley; librarian, Mr. M. J. McNamara; hon. secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. Fraser McDonald; executive committee, Messrs. J. N. Sutherland, Wm. Fahey, W. E. Harper, Mrs. John Shields, Mrs. A. H. Ireland and Miss Laura Sturrock.

Herr Klengelfeld, violinist, recently of Halifax, N. S. has removed to Toronto and joined the staff of the College of Music. Herr Klengelfeld is a former pupil of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, where he studied under such capable masters as Schradieck and Brodsky and has furthermore enjoyed the rare privilege and distinction of playing in the orchestra of the Wagner theater at Bayreuth.

Herr Kuechenmeister, also a violinist of ability, who has resided here for some time, has joined the staff of the College of Music. Herr Kuechenmeister may be found either at the College or at his rooms in the Oddfellows' block, corner of Yonge and College streets.

Mrs. George E. Hamilton, the well known soprano, formerly of Hamilton, has just returned to the city after an absence of eight months in England and on the continent. While in Europe Mrs. Hamilton studied with Signor Vannini of Florence, one of the greatest of Italian masters. While in Leipzig Mrs. Hamilton was honored by an appointment as patroness of the Sternale-Bennett Society of that city, a large and growing organization of English musicians and students resident in Leipzig, the object of the society being to produce the compositions of English composers in Germany. In Leipzig Mrs. Hamilton had the advantage of personally meeting many of the first musicians in the world, and returns to Canada with an increased enthusiasm concerning the divine art and its possibilities.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, formerly of Toronto, now resident in Chicago, purpose giving a series of song recitals in the latter city during the coming season, similar to a very successful series held last year. These recitals have received high praise at the hands of leading American critics. The high esteem in which Mrs. Thomson is held in Chicago is evidenced by the great demand upon her time through engagements received in connection with the work of the leading societies of that city at their numerous concerts. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have been engaged for six special song recitals of a popular character at the World's Fair.

Mr. J. H. Rennick, formerly organist of the Immanuel Baptist church, has accepted a similar position at St. Philip's Episcopal church, Spadina avenue. While at the Immanuel church Mr. Rennick successfully demonstrated his ability as a good church organist and a conscientious and thorough choirman.

I have received a circular from the United Choral Excursion Committee of Western Ontario setting forth their plans and intentions for the coming year. It will be remembered that in July of this year a monster excursion of the leading choirs of Western Ontario was held, Sarnia being the chosen point of meeting. Fully twelve hundred vocalists who had prepared the same choruses, including Mozart's Gloria, Handel's Hallelujah, and other standard compositions, met together, denominational lines for once being razed. Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Evangelicals, Lutherans, Baptists, United Brethren and Swedenborgians forgot their differences for the time and united in hearty fellowship in singing the hymns and anthems which have become the proud legacy of the "church universal." The singers were accompanied by orchestras from London and Berlin, and the magnificent band of the Waterloo Musical Society, one of the finest bands I have ever heard. Among the conductors were such prominent musicians as Messrs. Pococke (London), Freeland (Stratford), Zellar (Waterloo), Zoellner (Berlin), and Miller (London). The effect of the singing of the combined chorus with its orchestra and band accompaniment was such as to electrify the good people of the west. Should this movement become an annual affair its influence for good will be widespread and general.

Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp and Donald Herald of the Conservatory of Music staff have returned home after several months' vacation at Rice Lake. The Cobourg Sentinel-Star of Sept. 1, among other comments concerning the placatorial achievements of various visitors at Rice Lake, speaks as follows of the Toronto musicians: "Professor Von Herald and Padewski Tripp of the Toronto Conservatory of Music are occasionally seen in a bright canoe skimming the surface of the placid water with the paddles' gentle cadence, keeping time to Schumann's Symphony in D minor, or Mendelssohn's lovely concert overture, Melusine, or Goldmark's Sakuntala, or Bach's concerto in G major, and a dozen other sweetly pretty things too hard to whistle and too long to spell."

The great organ of the Albert Palace, London, Eng., was recently sold by auction for \$3,000. It originally cost about \$40,000 and has been described as equaling in grandeur, sweetness and beauty of tone the two most celebrated and best known of European organs, namely those at Haarlem and Freiburg. There is something pathetic in the sight of such an instrument, which has been associated with brilliant surroundings and been played on by the greatest of living organists from time to time, being sacrificed at such a ridiculous figure.

The following clipping from the London,

Eng., Musical News concerning a musician who is about to take up his residence in Toronto, will be read with interest: "Mr. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F.C.O., has resigned his appointment as organist of St. Lawrence's church, Ludlow, having been elected Principal Professor of Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Canada. Mr. Anger's work, Bonnie Bell, gained the prize of £10 and the medal offered by the Madrigal Society in 1890. He has composed a madrigal for six voices, All on a Summer's Morning, and music to Burn's The Jolly Beggars."

Notwithstanding the toy pistol attacks of intellectual nonentities on Wagnerism, from time to time, this season upon which we are now entering bids fair to be the most active yet known in the presentation of the great Bayreuth master's works. In Munich and Dresden complete cycles of his works are being given and on a remarkably grand scale, the Munich performances which extend over a period of a month being especially intended to mark an epoch in the history of ideal representations.

Gullmunt, the renowned French organist, speaks highly of the ability of Americans who have studied under him. He considers them among his best pupils and entertains a high regard for the native talent of the average American. This opinion is shared by leading musicians in all parts of Europe, and no better evidence of the progress and development of music in this country could be desired than in the fact that the most celebrated musical institutions of learning number among their students remarkably large contingents of Americans. The wide-awake character of the American is demonstrated in the intelligent manner in which he makes his choice of instructors. Generally speaking the excellence of an institution can be gauged by the opinion entertained of it by students who leave this country for further study abroad, and who practically demonstrate their opinion by enrolling as students thereof.

Every locality has its resident musician who figures among the fraternity as one who is specially given to "blowing his own horn." Toronto has him also, and Toronto's representative has tooted his own bazaar in many lands and in the musical press of many countries. It is, of course, unnecessary to mention his name. Like the membership of a church, a pointed sermon always hits the other fellow. From the nature of some of the vigorous tooting we sometimes hear, it would seem, however, as if certain members of the profession are laboring under the delusion that up to the time of their advent in Toronto music had no existence in the place. They furthermore seem quite positive that with their departure the city would relapse into a state of semi-barbarism so far as music is concerned. Unlike the member of a brass band who was being reminded of his ability to blow his own horn, but was forced to reply, "Nein, mein freund, dis cornet is porrowed," these shining lights not only continue to weary the universe with their wind, but loan their trumpets to some willing man Friday who tests it for the reflected glory there may be in it for him. Of all classes of professional boomsters who retard the true progress of the art in any locality the latter class is, after all, the most needful of sympathy and commiseration.

I have received the prospectus of the Ontario College of Music, Charles Farrington, principal. Mr. Farrington directs attention to the success of his college and the results attained therein. The following paragraph from the prospectus will be read with interest: "The success which attended the establishment of this college led to the formation of a co-operative institution in this city two years afterwards, and a year later to the introduction of a second competitor, also located in Toronto, and it is largely due to the earnest and persevering efforts of our institution that this activity in musical circles was aroused."

Mr. H. W. Webster, the well known vocal instructor at the College of Music, has returned from his holiday trip to England and is again prepared to resume his classes in vocal culture. It is Mr. Webster's intention to give a vocal recital about the middle of November. This will probably be the first of a series extending over the next six months. Mr. Webster also proposes to hold a series of song services at St. Peter's church where he officiates as choirman. The first of these will take place on October 26, at which service the principal work will be Spohr's Cantata, God Thou art Great.

Miss Ruby Preston, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M., has returned to the city from Chataqua, N.Y., where she has been spending the summer. While at Chataqua Miss Preston took advantage of the opportunity offered to study with Mr. W. H. Sherwood the celebrated American pianist whose recitals in Toronto are among our most enjoyable annual musical events. Miss Preston will engage in teaching during the present season, an occupation for which she is specially well qualified. Pupils will be received at her residence No. 2 Bellwood Park, where applications for instruction should be addressed.

Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, who has been the organist of the Church of the Messiah during the past year, has resigned his position much to the regret of the membership of that church. Signor Dinelli will be open for an engagement with any church desirous of securing the services of a competent organist and would be prepared to take charge forthwith. As a solo organist he has been too seldom heard in Toronto, his ability as an improvisator being also much above the average.

A notable social event occurred here at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, September 6, when Miss Agnes A., third daughter of Mr. Thomas Jackson of Highview, was married to Dr. G. Franklin Belden of Seaford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Hodgins and Fletcher. The bride was handsomely attired in white silk, trimmed with Irish point lace, and she

carried white roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Maggie Jackson, sister of the bride, and Miss Irene M. Hadley of Toronto, were dressed in pink and cream and carried bouquets of white roses, and maiden hair fern. The groomsmen were Mr. Jas. Belden of Wingham, brother of the groom, and Mr. Jock Greig of Seaford. Among the guests were: Rev. and Mrs. Stewart of Clinton, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins of Seaford, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher of Thames Road, Mr. and Mrs. James Jackson of Seaford, Mr. and Mrs. Belden of Listowel, Mrs. W. B. and Miss Margaret Laing of Chicago, Mrs. Lawson of Detroit, Mr. T. Jackson, Jr., Mrs. Greig, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson, Miss A. McIntyre of Toronto, Miss Minnie Acheson of Goderich, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fair, Misses Josie, Nellie and Dollie Fair, Messrs. Norman and Frank Fair, Dr. Shaw, Mr. James Scott, Mr. and Miss McKinnon of Blyth, Miss Buchanan of Seaford, Mr. Cowan of Seaford, Misses Clara and Alice Rance and many others. A wedding breakfast at one o'clock p.m. was served, at which about fifty sat down. The bride and groom left for Toronto and other eastern cities at three p.m., amid a dense shower of rice and old shoes. On returning from their trip they will reside in Seaford. Presents were numerous and handsome, amongst others being a substantial check from the bride's father and a piano from the groom.

## Mitchell.

Mr. Laurier, M.P., is announced to visit us on September 14, and will deliver an address in the park. Several parliamentary gentlemen have been invited, and it is expected there will be a large gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Coleman of Toronto are spending a couple of weeks at the old homestead.

Mr. T. C. Somerville, B.A., of the High School, returned home last week from Chicago, where he had been spending his holidays.

Mrs. Awty entertained a small circle of friends at her delightful residence on Thursday last week. Mr. F. Awty, her son, is soon to enter into the married state.

Mr. C. Davis of Chicago is visiting his parents, Mayor and Mrs. Davis.

Miss Mabel Thomson has gone to Toronto to enter upon a course of study at the Ladies' Presbyterian College.

Mr. S. P. Robins, LL.B., of Montreal, paid the town a flying visit a short time ago.

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Shrewsbury House, the residence of Mr. W. Jaffray, was the scene of a most enjoyable tennis party on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Tuifford and Miss Jardine Thomson of Toronto. Among the invited were: Messames Bowby, La Course, Cook, McArthur, Staebler and Hespeler; Misses Bowby, Sengram, Gibson, Jeffery of Guelph, Hoffman, Ebb, and Draycott of Rosseau, and Messrs. Sagram, Bowby, Bowman, Steen, Martin of Paris, Lynes, Lay, Coulson, Staebler, and Braithaupt.

We are glad to see our old friend, Tom Gibson, back in town once more from Chicago. Mrs. Bowby, the Misses Bowby, and Mr. Shannon Bowby left for Chicago and the World's Fair on Wednesday.

Messrs. Revelle and Tisdale of Brantford left last week for that city after spending a most enjoyable holiday. In the Presbyterian church last Sunday Miss Jardine-Thomson, the well known artist of Toronto, was present and joining in the musical part of the services sang as a solo Dudley Buck's beautiful composition, Fear Not ye O Israel, rendering it with faultless execution.

Miss Florence Ross returned home on Saturday last from Detroit.

Miss McCloud of Georgetown is visiting her friend, Miss Pearce. The corner stone of the New Evangelical church that is being erected on Weber street was laid at 3.30 p.m. on Monday with appropriate ceremonies.

Miss Jeffers of Guelph is the guest of Mrs. Gibson of Spring Valley.

A Trifle too Leisurely.

She wasn't blessed with much beauty, but she was dressed and had the appearance of being exact. She came into the Union depot and tripped to the ticket office. The big clock on the wall said it was exactly—P. M.

"What time does the next train leave for Chicago?" she asked.

"It will start in five minutes."

"How much is the fare?"

"Twelve dollars."

"I thought it was only ten."

"Twelve dollars is the usual fare."

"Will it be any cheaper to-morrow?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, I'll take a ticket!"

"Here you are."

"Can you change a fifty dollar bill?"

"Yes, change a five hundred dollar bill."

It took her some time to gather up her change and stow it away. When she had performed the operation she smiled and asked:

"What time did you say the train went?"

"The train is gone. There will be another one to Chicago to-morrow morning."

It was then that the woman vented her wrath upon the ticket-seller, but three other people who had been waiting in line behind her, and who had also missed the train, smiled grimly.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Lawyer's Sound Advice.

Away back in the early sixties Congressman John R. Fellows was defending an Arkansas man accused of beating his wife. The case was on trial before a justice of the peace, probably the same justice who decided that stealing a sack of potatoes out of a canoe on the river was "piracy on the high seas."

The accused was convicted and the justice promptly sentenced him to be hanged.

"But you can't hang a man for beating his wife," expostulated Fellows.

"The devil I can't," said the justice, bridling up. "Ain't he guilty? Oughtn't any man to be hung who would beat a woman and that woman his wife? And ain't I the only judge in this country? If I haven't got power to hang a man, who has, eh? I'll hang him within an hour; won't we, boys?" he concluded, addressing the crowd standing around, whose sympathies were evidently with the woman.

"That we will," shouted the crowd. Seeing that the case was beginning to look serious for the client, Fellows said:

"Well, your Honor, before the man is hanged I'd like to take him out behind that big tree and pray with him just once."

"All right," said the justice, and off went the prisoner and Fellows. When they got behind the tree Fellows said in an undertone:

"Now, git, you d—d scoundrel, and git quick." And he got.—Seattle Times.

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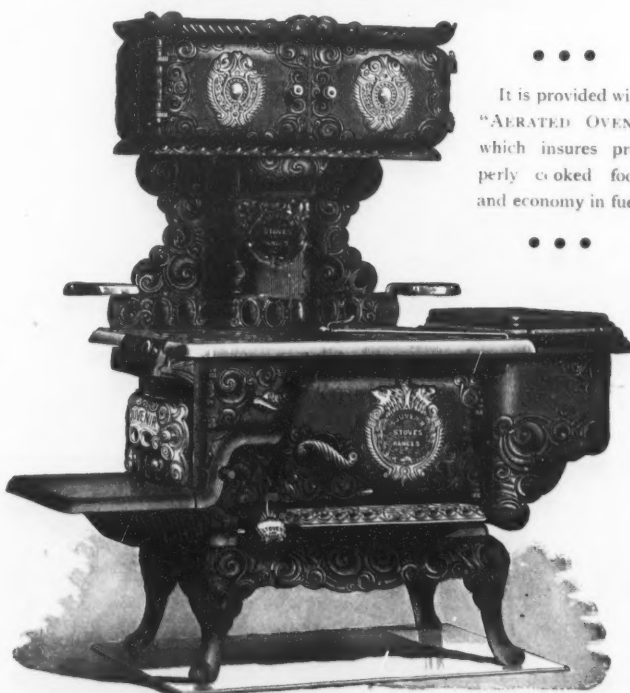
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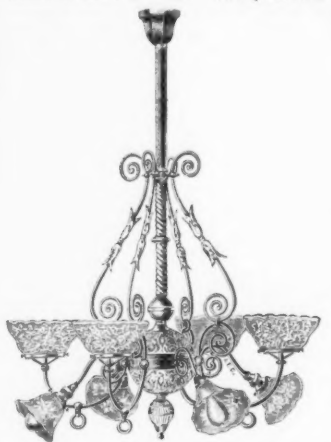
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